

# HALF-HOURS IN JAPAN

by

Herbert Moore





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# HALF-HOURS IN JAPAN

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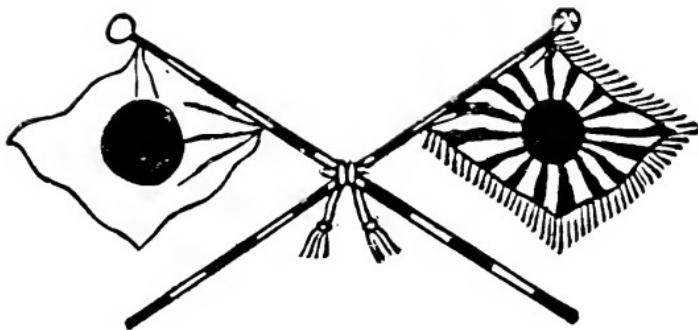
EVERYDAY DRESS

# HALF-HOURS IN JAPAN

BY  
REV. HERBERT MOORE, M.A.

(SOMETIME S.P.G. MISSIONARY IN THE COUNTRY)

*(With over 70 Illustrations and Map)*



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## PREFACE.

THE idea of writing this book was suggested to me by the large number of questions with which I have been assailed since my return to England ; which assured me that many people are interested in Japan, and also showed me the subjects upon which they desire information.

I have obtained some information from Miss Bacon's excellent little book, "Japanese Girls and Women," and from various publications of the Japan Society. For some of the illustrations I have to thank Col. Cotton-Jodrell, M.P. ; several, including that of Mr. Ishii and his family, are from the Rev. J. H. Pettee's pamphlet, "Mr Ishii and his Orphanage."

For the rest I owe my thanks to the kindly people of the Land of the Rising Sun, which none can visit without being the richer for many beautiful thoughts and happy memories.

*April, 1900.*

H. M.



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# HALF HOURS IN JAPAN

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## CHAPTER I.

### GEOGRAPHY.

THE real name of the country we call Japan is Nippon, made up of two words, "Nitsu," meaning "The Sun," and "Hon," meaning "Beginning," or "Origin." In old days, when no man had sailed eastwards and found land, the Japanese watched the Sun rise from the bosom of the broad Pacific Ocean, tip with light the snowy peak of Fujiyama, and then pass over their islands to do his work in the great continent of Asia. They thought that the Ocean was the boundary of the Earth, their country to be the first warmed and lighted

J.

B



by the Sun's beams ; and so they called it Nippon, "The Land where the Sun begins," or "The Land of the Rising Sun."

You may read in the old histories of Japan how the islands came into existence. Long, long ago all things were in a state of chaos. Little by little the pure elements ascended, and formed the Heavens, while the impure descended, and formed the Earth. One day, as the god Izanagi no Mikoto, with his august spouse Izanami, was standing on a bridge, "the floating heavenly bridge," holding in his hand the jewel-spear of Heaven, he thrust it down, and groping about found the Ocean. As he drew it out, the drops of salt water and foam which fell from it hardened, and formed a beautiful island ; this was a middling-sized island nearly in the centre of the group, called "Awaji," "foam-land," in memory of the event. Here Izanagi and Izanami took up their abode, and in due time formed the rest of the archipelago. From them were born children and children's children not a few ; among them the Sun Goddess, and the Sea God, whose daughter was the mother of Jimmu Tennō, the first Emperor of Japan, said to have been born about 700 b.c.

“Is it true?” do you say? No, the Japanese know now that it is not true, and that the land of Japan came to be what it is in the same way as any other part of the world. But I am sure you are interested in hearing one of the old stories told in “the childhood of the world.”

If you look at a map of Japan, you will see that it consists of a number of islands lying in the form of a crescent off the east coast of the mainland of Asia, between longitudes  $130^{\circ}$  and  $145^{\circ}$  East of Greenwich. The four larger islands are called Hondo, Kiushiu, Shikoku, and Yezo, and there are several hundreds of smaller ones, including the Loochoo and Bonin groups. After the war with China the large island of Formosa was ceded to Japan. The red lacquer of which we see so much in Japanese fairs and shops in England mostly comes from the Loochoos; Formosa produces nearly all the world’s supply of camphor.

Japan time is nine hours and twenty minutes in front of Greenwich, so that when boys and girls are going to bed in England, their brothers and sisters in Oriental Japan are getting up.

You can travel to Japan eastwards or west-

wards. If you go eastwards, you pass through the Suez Canal, touching at Port *Routes.* Said, Aden, Colombo, Singapore, and Hong Kong : all, you will notice, British possessions. The western route crosses the Atlantic, and traverses Canada or America, to Vancouver or San Francisco, on the western shores of the Pacific, where once more we take ship and cross that ocean to Japan. Of course this latter route is the quickest, as trains go faster than ships ; it is possible to reach Yokohama from Liverpool in twenty-six days. If you should go round the world in a straight line from London, you would never reach Japan at all, for Japan is far south of Greenwich ; the capital, Tokyo, being on the same latitude as Jerusalem. So you can understand that though the climate of Japan

*Climate.* is not unlike that of England at some seasons of the year, the summer is much hotter. Yet the winter in the Northern Island is colder and of a longer duration than an ordinary English winter ; there are often twenty feet of snow in those parts.

The five months from May to September are the hot months, and during these that little pest, the mosquito, lives and thrives ; so you

see residents and travellers in Japan have one annoyance which we do not have to face in England. There is the wet season, too, in June, when it rains almost continuously for six weeks, and the air is laden with hot moisture, as the temperature is generally over 80° in the shade, and you feel as if you were living in a fern-house. People have to be very careful of their clothes at this time of the year, for if they leave them in their wardrobes without taking them out to be aired, they will find them covered with spots of white mildew, while boots get green with mould.

And so where would you rather live ? In England, with her rainy days and her fogs, and her smoky air, and her sharp, cheering frosts ; or in Japan, with her wonderful clear blue sky, her fixed time for rain, her great summer heat, and her wet season ?

## CHAPTER II.

### HISTORY.

So far as we know, St. Francis Xavier, the great Roman Catholic missionary, was the first foreigner to land in Japan, in the *The first missionaries.* year 1549. His preaching was not successful, and he returned much disappointed; but other missionaries, chiefly Jesuit, Dominican, and Franciscan monks, followed, who toiled with such success that, in spite of considerable opposition, there were in thirty years' time as many as 150,000 Christians, chiefly in the Southern Island.

During these years full many had shed their blood for Christ, and the infant Church so watered seemed to have a great future before it. Yet a few more years sufficed utterly to stamp out all visible signs that the Gospel had ever been heard in Japan, and seemed to have extinguished all hope that it ever would be heard in the future.

How did this come about? Partly owing

to the disagreements among the representatives of the three orders of missionaries, between whom the most jealous rivalry existed, strengthening the opposition such as every missionary must expect on the part of the people of the country ; the Jesuits were expelled in 1587, not to the regret, apparently, of the Dominicans and Franciscans. But the comparatively moderate spirit of persecution would not have succeeded in entirely extirpating Christianity had it not been for the following circumstances.

At that time the ruler of Japan, as now, was the Emperor, whose centre of government was

*History.* Kyoto, the “Western Capital”—such is the meaning of the word—who claimed descent from Jimmu Tennō, the first Emperor, in unbroken line through 2,500 years. The country was divided into provinces, each with its governor, called Daimio, and its chief town, near which was placed the castle in which the Daimio lived, with his faithful Samurai, or knights wearing two swords, and his soldiers : drawing a revenue paid in rice from those he governed. There was also an official called the Shōgun, or Commander-in-Chief, appointed whenever the necessities of

the times might seem to require it. But, as often has happened in history, he who held the power of the sword was likely to covet also the power of government, and two or more of these great Daimios were frequently found to be rivals for the position of Shōgun. This was the state of the case at the end of the sixteenth century. One Daimio now thought he saw his way to success. He declared that he was a Christian, and that if he were Shōgun he would espouse the cause of Christianity, not only by stopping opposition and persecution, but by actively working for its spread. He even sent an embassy to Europe, placing himself and his province under the protection of the Pope, probably in the hope that Spanish or Portuguese soldiers would be sent to his assistance. The Christians rallied round him, but, alas ! “He who takes the sword shall perish with the sword,” and in a series of

*Massacre  
of the  
Christians.* battles they were defeated, and driven farther and farther south. A great battle was fought in the year 1638 in the Southern Island, close to Nagasaki, in which 37,000 Christians were killed or driven over the cliffs into the sea. The cliffs of the little island on which they made their last

stand are pointed out to the traveller leaving Nagasaki harbour; and, by a curious coincidence, they are of a deep blood-red.

The successful Daimio, Iyeyasu, of the noble family of Tokugawa, had, thirty years before this, after a decisive victory over another of his rivals, assumed the title of Shōgun, and, with the title, power such as none other had ever before dared to assume in Japan. The Emperor continued to reside in Kyoto, but the Imperial government was taken out of his hands; it was the Shōgun who ruled the country, establishing himself in Yedo, the city now called Tokyo. Against Christianity he adopted the severest measures: notices were posted upon wooden boards all over the country, offering rewards for the discovery of a foreign

*Christianity prohibited.* missionary, a native teacher, and an ordinary Christian respectively. Fur-

ther, no Japanese might leave the country, and no foreigner might enter it; the only foreigners allowed to land being the members of the Dutch trading factory at Nagasaki, who declared that they were not Christians, but Dutchmen, and who were required each year to trample on the crucifix in the presence of officials. And so for 250 years Japan was like

a sealed cabinet: years of the utmost value to the country, for the Tokugawa Shō-guns were liberal patrons of the arts and of learning, and the Japanese were able to develop their own gifts on their own lines, without any admixture from abroad. We see the results to-day in the wonderful art products of the country, and in the character of the people. It was this very patronage of learning which prepared the way for the great change which came at last. For the text-books of the schools were the writings of Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher, who died about 480 years B.C. This writer laid great emphasis *Confucianism.* on five duties: duties to Emperor, to Daimio, to Parents, to Teacher, and to Friend. With the first of these duties continually impressed upon them, it seemed to many thoughtful men to be a strange thing, that the Emperor should be residing with but a semblance of power in Kyoto, while the real governor of the country was the usurping Shōgun. It must be added that the other Daimios, who were required each year to reside for a certain time in Yedo, to show their fealty to the Shōgun, were far from content with such a position of subservience; and so it will

be seen that people and princes alike were ready for the great change, whenever circumstances should arise which should make it possible.

It came in 1854. Commodore Perry, after an unsuccessful attempt in the previous year,  
*1854.* arrived with a strong American fleet,

and persuaded the Shōgun to conclude a treaty with him, by which foreigners were allowed to reside in certain parts of Japan. At once violent criticism was aroused. There was the constitutional party, the product of the schools, crying, "By what right has the Shōgun concluded such a treaty?" And there was the conservative party, which objected to the introduction of foreigners, foreign manufactures, and foreign customs. Civil war broke out, which ended in the Emperor himself declaring his conviction that such a change was good for his country, and placing himself at the head of the party of progress. Thousands of Japanese were sent abroad to study law, science, commerce, mechanics, medicine, and all that the Western World could teach them. The Emperor left his retirement at Kyoto, and took up his residence at the old palace of the Shōguns at Yedo, the name of the city being changed to

Tokyo (Eastern Capital) in memory of the event.

*1868.* In a proclamation to his subjects he promised a constitutional government, and the present era of Meiji ("enlightened government") was inaugurated.

And the Shōgun? He and all the other Daimios willingly laid down their power, their castles, their revenues, at the feet of the Emperor, and became as private citizens. The representative of the Tokugawas recently had audience of the Emperor, at which the utmost expressions of courtesy were used on both sides, and, on that of the Tokugawa, of loyalty as well.

Who can fail to predict a prosperous future for a nation whose leading men have made such sacrifices, whose people have made such an effort, in the name of loyalty and obedience to the highest teaching they possessed?

## CHAPTER III.

### BABIES.

IN all civilised countries the entrance of a little child into the world is an occasion of great gladness, and the advent of a baby in Oriental Japan differs but little from that of the small stranger in Occidental England. Perhaps it is true to say that the birth of a son occasions more gladness than that of a daughter, but a child of either sex finds a welcome, and in this respect Japan is far above and very different to her neighbour, China.

On the occasion of a birth it is customary to send a messenger with the good news to the houses of relations and friends. The *Baby's birthday*. baby then receives many presents in the form of toys, pieces of "chirimen" (*i.e.*, Japanese crêpe) and silk for dresses. Sometimes with these presents boxes of eggs and dried fish (called "Katsuobushi") are sent for good luck. These presents are daintily tied up in white paper and tri-coloured string,

with a peculiarly-folded piece of paper attached (called “Noshi”) in which a morsel of dried fish is inserted. As soon as the mother is able to walk, the little baby is taken to the Shinto temple, gorgeously dressed, and with many little charms and offerings tied into its wide sash. A near relative chooses the name, often an uncle or aunt, or even a grandparent: or several names are written on small pieces of paper, which are all given to the officiating priest, who throws them into the air, and the name on the piece which first alights on the floor is the one chosen. There

*Baby's  
name.* is no such thing as a family name: girls are generally called after flowers or things gentle or beautiful, as “Také” (bamboo), “Yuki” (snow), and boys after some heroic virtue or brave animal.

The ceremony depends on the wealth of the parents. Sometimes many Shinto priests are present; on other occasions I have seen the mother present her child alone, and the ceremony has consisted of the ringing of a bell, and clapping the hands, the baby being strapped on to the mother’s back, and not carried in a nurse’s arms.

On the thirtieth day the parents send



A JAPANESE BABY.



presents, in the form of square lacquer boxes filled with red rice, to all who have sent presents or congratulations to their child. The rice of Japanese "mochi" cakes, unpounded, is used for this festive red rice, which is coloured with the juice of a red bean, and called "sekihan." Together with this "sekihan," salt mixed with "goma" seeds is sent. The boxes must be returned unwashed: it would be a serious breach of etiquette to do otherwise. The boxes are arranged on pretty gold lacquer trays, and covered over with a piece of crêpe, called a "fukusa."

Babies in Japan have not such a luxurious mode of locomotion as babies in England. You do not see elaborate mail carts with *Baby's locomotion.* splendid rubber tyres, although you may see a few antiquated tricycle perambulators. Until babies can walk they are carried on their mother's or nurse's back, even from the tender age of a few weeks. But the fortunate babies born in the royal household or among the ranks of the nobility are never carried in this way; they always rest in nurses' arms.

The formal dress and gravity of the little children is highly amusing. The shape

of their dress is the same as that of their parents.

Babies are not tumbled about on a nurse's knee, and made to put their little arms through

*Baby's dress.* so many sleeve holes, and have so many strings tied, as European and Amer-

ican babies have to do, but they are dressed in softly padded straight, wide-sleeved garments made after the same pattern as the grown-up "kimono." All the garments are the same in shape, and are fitted one inside the other before they are put on ; then they are laid on the floor and baby is put into them. A sash secures the dress in its place round the body.

## C H A P T E R I V.

### BOYS AND GIRLS.

JAPAN has been called the Paradise of Children. I have seen it asserted that in that country they never cry, and that in the towns every other shop is a toy shop. My own experience is that Japanese children cry just as much or as little as those of other countries ; and that the proportion of toy shops is much the same as in England.

Tokyo has its Lowther Arcade—a long paved street leading up to the great temples of Asakusa, the visitors to which naturally want to take back something pretty for the little ones at home. But elsewhere one does not see so very many toy shops, except at the temple festivals, when booths are set up in great numbers for the sale of cheap playthings of various sorts.

You will see that nearly all Japanese boys have very stiff, stand-up-straight kind of hair. This is because one of the first visits a baby

pays is to the barber's shop ; he sits quite still in his nurse's or mother's arms, while the barber shaves his tiny head quite bare. In the case of a girl, however, he only shaves a piece on the very top of the head, about three inches across, leaving the fringe which you have seen reproduced in Japanese dolls. Hence the boys when they are a little older, seem to have heads like blacking brushes ; the girls like mops. It is not a bad arrangement, for very often the poor little things get some painful skin complaint, owing to feeding difficulties ; it is much more easy to keep a bare poll clean.

Boys and girls each have their own games. The boys play "onigoto" ("goblins") a good deal. The "goblin" is our old friend *Games.* the "blind man." Sometimes two boys are blindfolded, one of them having a couple of stones in his hands. He knocks the stones together, and then dodges out of the way, if he can, of the other, who rushes to the spot where he heard the clash of the stones. Sometimes two blindfolded boys will fence with swords made of rolled up paper.

Then there is the game of "touch" and "cross touch," and a kind of "bait the bear." The bear is tied by a rope to a post, and the

other boys bully him, trying to keep beyond



A FAMILY GROUP (MR. AND MRS. ISHII).

the reach of the bear, who of course cannot get further than the length of the rope, while

they can come as near as they like to the post.

In all schools there is military drill. For in Japan every one may be called upon to serve in the army—they have the system of conscription—so they are taught to stand at ease and march as soon as possible. Out of school they will have mock drill in the streets, ending in sham fights and military reviews. During the war one could not see a piece of unoccupied ground in Tokyo, without a “ragged squad” exercising upon it.

Bigger boys wrestle a good deal. You catch your opponent where you can and as you please, and have to get his hand to the ground. Japanese wrestling is a very complicated affair; there are over a hundred different grips, and I do not know how many different ways of falling so as not to hurt yourself. Fencing is another form of exercise; the head is covered with a strong wire helmet, the body with a coat chiefly made of bamboo, and the fencing stick held in both hands. Of late years base ball has come into fashion in the large schools, and some of the students are very good players indeed. Golf links are impossible in that country of rice fields, and neither cricket nor football

seem to interest young Japan, but rowing and tennis have been taken up to a certain extent, and the small bodies and wiry frames of the Japanese make them excellent at gymnastics.

Turning to the girls—their games are of course much more quiet. They are very seldom to be seen nursing dolls; the dolls are kept for the March show. Battledore and shuttlecock (both made of wood) is a favourite amusement. Two girls will play together, skilfully returning the cock from one to the other. They are very fond of balls, tossing and catching two or three at the same time, or bouncing them against the ground with strokes of the hand.

There is a game like knucklebones played with small bags of beans; and such frivolities as “keeping shop.” The girls seem to grow serious very early. They have to nurse their little brothers and sisters, if they have any; they have to learn to play the “koto” and the “samisen,” sewing and ceremonial tea-making; they have to begin house-keeping usually very much earlier than our girls, for they marry very young.

You will often see a mysterious transaction going on among young people, when they are

playing a game in which English boys would cry "Bags first," "second!" and so on. Two boys, say, have to decide which shall be first goblin. "One, two, three!" they cry, and each darts out a hand, in one of three positions. The fist may be clenched, to resemble a stone; or the hand may be open, to stand for paper; or the first and second fingers pressed together may be separated from the third and fourth like scissors. Scissors will cut paper, not stone; paper will wrap up stone. If A offers scissors, B stone, B wins; but if B has paper, A wins, and so on.

This chapter would not be complete without an account of the March and May festivals—the girls' and boys' months respectively.

*Dolls.* In March all the dolls are brought out, some of them hundreds of years old, handed down from mother to daughter through many generations. There will be dolls to represent the Emperor and Empress, dolls in Court dress, dolls in ordinary dress of the last century and of this year (though perhaps owing to this very custom fashions in Japan scarcely change at all), all arranged in groups one above the other upon a series of shelves, in the place of honour by the main pillar of the room, to be

found in every Japanese house. For a month the dollies are shown with pride to friends and relations, and then back they all go into the big boxes until next year. This dolls' festival is called the "Hina matsuri."

In May, if you stand on a hill looking down on a town, you will see a number of curious long paper objects streaming in the wind, one above the other, to the number of four or five, from poles set up at the gables of the houses. These are paper carp, with wide mouths kept open by a ring of metal, from which a string passes to fasten them to the pole. Into the

*The carp.* mouth of the carp the wind rushes, passes through his swelling body, and out at his tail, swaying him about in graceful folds as it rises and falls, but holding him usually almost in a horizontal position. Thus he always seems to be struggling against the wind to reach the pole.

Now, wherever you see these carp waving over a house, you know that the master of the house has a son, and every Japanese boy knows what they mean. For there is a picture by a celebrated artist, reproductions of which you constantly see, of a carp making his way up stream against a furious torrent.

The water rushes down, threatening to carry the fish with it ; but the carp is a plucky fish, and pounds away with his tail, undaunted, until at last he reaches the smooth water above the rapids. Like him, the boy will one day have to fight his way through the furious waters of life ; difficulties of all sorts will threaten to overwhelm him, but, like the carp struggling against the stream, he is to learn never to give in, but to fight his way manfully until he reaches the goal he has set before him.

One thing more. You read (p. 10) how the Third Confucian virtue, firmly impressed upon the very hearts of the people during *Filial obedience.* those 250 years of isolation, was that of obedience to parents. I wish that all Christian children kept the Fifth Commandment as well as Japanese children obey this command of Confucius ! There is no such thing as a workhouse in Japan. For when a man is growing old, he retires from his business, which he hands over to his son. Did he not bring him into the world ? Did he not tend him during his infancy, feed him, clothe him, educate him ? Now it is the son's turn to take care of the father ; and the son is

perfectly willing to do so. In the same way the mother hands over her housekeeping duties to her daughter or daughter-in-law. And so in nearly every Japanese house you will find an old man or an old woman peacefully living on, with no duties and no cares, save that of guarding the house in the absence of its master and mistress—the old gentleman smoking his pipe by the side of the “hibachi,” or reading his newspaper on the sunny verandah; the old lady keeping the charcoal fire bright and playing with the children, till they pass away into the great unknown.

No foreign enemy has ever landed on the shores of Japan; and there are those who think that in this way Almighty God has fulfilled His promise to those who honour their father and mother, and made their days long in the land He has given them.

## CHAPTER V.

### SCHOOL.

“The whining schoolboy, with his satchel,  
Creeping like snail unwillingly to school.”

DID English schoolboys whine in Shakespeare's day? And did they object to going to school? I do not believe they did. They do not do so now, and Japanese boys and girls trot off to school by nine o'clock every morning as cheerfully as boys and girls in England.

Greatly indeed are the schools changed from what they were in old times. Then the *Schools in old days.* teacher would give the best years of his life to the instruction of one pupil, or perhaps half-a-dozen at most; and they paid him very much more deference than they did money. Respect for teachers was one of the five great virtues taught by Confucius, and recognized by all classes.

Once the Daimio of Osaka, well nigh the greatest man in Japan at the time, thought to do honour to a celebrated teacher whose

home was not far away. He reached the gateway of the humble dwelling where the learned man lived, and demanded admission. To his astonishment he was denied admittance. "Tell his Excellency," the teacher had instructed his servant to say, "that I am with my pupil in the middle of a lesson, and cannot see him until it is finished." And the Daimio, with his knights and his men-at-arms, humbly waited without until the lesson was done, and the teacher could come out to receive him. It was character, not learning—what his boys were, not what they knew—which such men made their aim.

But with the opening of the country in the sixties, a new demand for learning arose.

*Schools  
in the  
present day.* While the West had been advancing in practical knowledge of all sorts, the East had been asleep; and now that Japan was about to take her place among the nations of the world, her people must be mentally equipped if she wished to contend with them on equal terms. Accordingly, one of the first signs of "Meiji," the "era of enlightenment," was the establishment of Universities, Higher Grade Schools, and Public or Common Schools, in town and country alike.

You do not see noble piles of buildings like our Eton or Charterhouse, or even our village or board schools; with few exceptions all are built of wood and painted white, picked out with slate colour. Let us pay a visit to a common school, where the children of the



THE OKAYAMA ORPHANAGE SCHOOL.

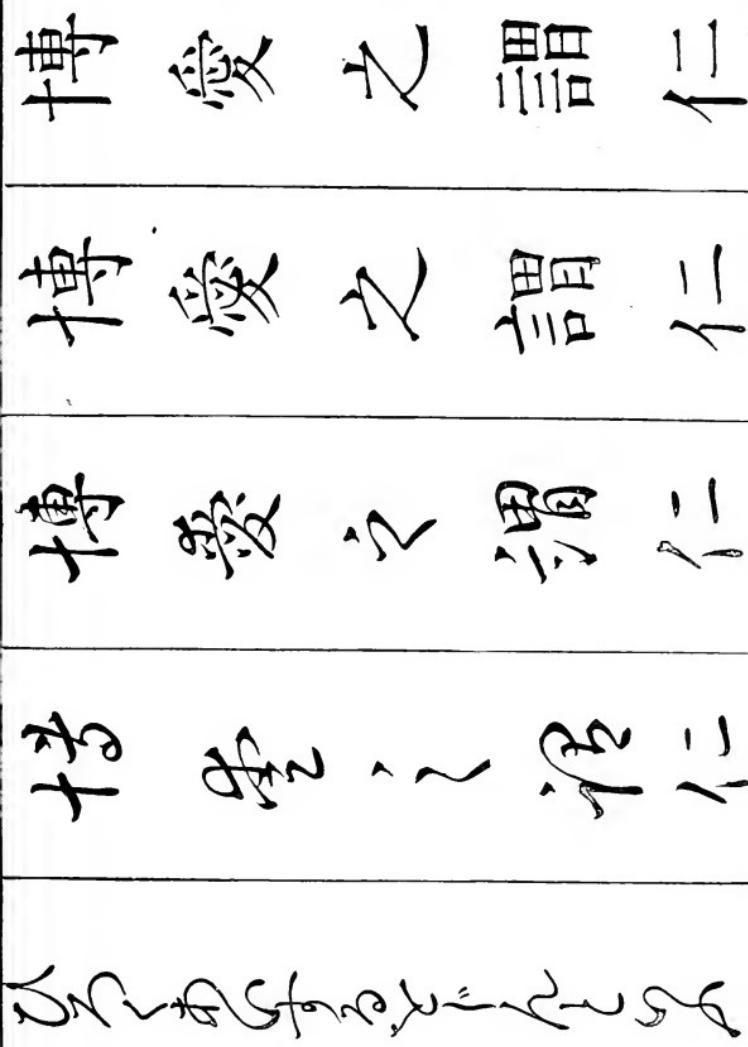
working classes are taught for a fee of about fifteenpence a month or less. The playground is generally extensive, for it is used by the top classes, when school is over, for drill; not only marching, wheeling, and so on, but exercises with dumb bells and manœuvres with wooden rifles are practised every day. In the porch is a box resembling a long bookcase, on the shelves of

*A common school.*

[Chinese Proverb: Hiroku ai suru wo jin to iu. To love universally is true humility.]

1. Kaisho (book letters). 2. Ditto. 3. Gyōsho (script letters). 4. Ditto.  
 5. Hirakana (Japanese script).

STYLES OF LETTERS.





which the children place their “*geta*” on entering the building, and their straw sandals on leaving it. And when you pass into the class-room you find boys sitting on one side, girls on the other (I believe that this system is being gradually abolished, and the two sexes will soon be taught separately in every school). What are they doing, this hour?

A reading lesson.

Poor little Tom or Mary, with twenty-six letters to learn, and all those nasty columns of spelling! But you are not so *A reading lesson.* badly off as Jiro or O Haru San.

They have ninety-eight simple characters to learn, with no meaning of their own, but simply denoting sounds like our letters; all of them, but two, ending in what we call open vowels, such as Ha, Ro, Fu, Mi. And when that is done, they must begin a mass of characters, each of them meaning some one thing, like our numerals—one for “dog,” one for “ink,” and so on. So there are as many characters or combinations of characters

(words like virtue, teacher, require *Hiero-* *glyphics.* two) as there are things in the world; to read a newspaper you must know about 4,000, to be a scholar 10,000,

to be a great scholar, 30,000 or more. And then, most of these may be pronounced in two or more different ways (as 12 may be read "twelve" or "a dozen," only it is much more difficult to remember than that); some of them have only two lines, but most have from seven to twelve, and one has sixty-four! They are not read across the page from left to right, as this book is, but from the top to the bottom, beginning with the right-hand column. And the first page of a Japanese book is where the last page of an English book is. Which of us is it that begins at the wrong end?

The characters are the same that are used in China, but the pronunciation is quite different in the two countries, so that a Japanese can read a Chinese book, though if a Chinese was to read it aloud to him he could not understand it at all. The order in which characters are printed, too, is different, but I cannot explain that now.

A reading lesson is rather a noisy affair. The teacher reads a sentence, and the pupils, with their eyes on the book, repeat it aloud after him, and when he has read a page or so, are left to con it over to themselves, still out loud. This habit of reading aloud sticks to a Japanese

all through life ; and it is very embarrassing when a fellow passenger in a railway carriage suddenly opens fire with his newspaper in the curious sing-song which he picked up when a boy at school. The reading books are very well compiled. The whole series usually consists of eight volumes, beginning with lessons written in the simple syllabary, advancing by gradual stages until in the eighth Reader the rarer and more complicated characters only are introduced. The illustrations are excellent, and the subject matter very interesting.

When the writing lesson comes on, each child produces his "rubbing-box," containing a stick of hard ink

*A writing lesson.* (we call it "Chinese" or "Indian" ink), a little pot vessel containing

water, and a flat rubbing-stone, on which he pours a little of the water, and then rubs his ink. For a pen he uses a brush with a fine point; his paper is not smooth, but rough






"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

and porous. The teacher writes a character on the blackboard, and the pupils copy it, and write it over and over again, paying exact attention to the kind of stroke used in each of its parts (there are about twenty ways of making a stroke), until it is well fixed in the memory.

So to learn to read and write is a matter of years, though it is wonderful how retentive the memory of a Japanese child is. Some pupils

of mine learnt the Greek alphabet at a single lesson.

But arithmetic is very plain sailing indeed. None of your pounds, shill-

ings, and pence, your Troy weight and Avoirdupois ! The Japanese most wisely adopted the metric system, and everything is done by

tens—ten “rin” in a “sen” (cent), a <sup>An arithmetic lesson.</sup> hundred “sen” in a “yen” (silver dollar), worth just half of the American dollar), and so on. What is that great frame, from top to bottom of which run wires, covered with large wooden buttons, hanging up three ?



SCHOOL-CHILDREN.



A CALCULATION ON THE SOROBAN.



That is a “soroban,” and every child in the class has one—a thing like the abacus you sometimes see in an English school. There are no calculations to be done in the head: it is all done with the fingers. “Add together 365 and 4007;” the little hands raise the top of the soroban, so that all the beads run to the bottom, and then the little fingers rattle up to the top again enough to represent 365, then three of the end row come down, and one goes up on the fourth, four go up on the fifth, and the thing is done. When you go into the shops presently, you will see sorobans in every one: and when you have bought your thirty-two shaku of crêpe at 47 sen a shaku, the man will shake up and manipulate his beads, and tell you the amount long before you have calculated the cost in your own head.

This class of big boys and three biggish girls is having an English lesson. Here

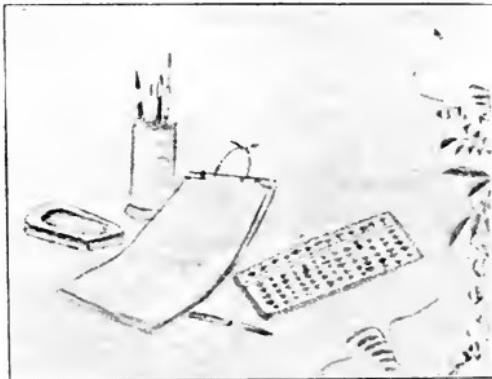
*An English lesson.* is something you can understand. But the pronunciation is odd: very odd. “A worm was praying in the garden, and the rittle duck raughed.” There is no “l” in Japanese, and curiously no “r” in Chinese. So a Japanese talks of

“praying” when he means “playing,” a Chinaman the other way about. And when they translate the sentence they have read, the friend who is with you, and knows Japanese, will tell you the translation is so very literal that it often means nothing. But they do not mind, and some day they will be good English scholars. Nearly all Japanese children are taught English letters; few do not know at least the numerals.

So much for the “three R’s.” Then there are accomplishments, chiefly for the girls: playing the “koto” or “samisen,” flower arranging, tea making. These are taught by a special teacher, and so is sewing, which is generally the afternoon lesson in a girl’s school.

When the students pass out of the common school the girls mostly go home and help in the house until they are married, though there are now higher schools for such young ladies as wish for further education. The boys go to one of the higher grade schools, and eventually to one of the three universities, or to a “special school” for commerce, law, medicine or science, until they develop into the polished young gentlemen, speaking and reading

English without difficulty, and with a wide acquaintance with very many branches of learning, of whom Japan has good reason to be proud.



PENS, INK, AND PAPER.

## CHAPTER VI.

### FEMININE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

WHEN a girl leaves school, or just before, she receives lessons in etiquette and flower arranging.

Japanese etiquette is of a very complicated kind, and includes such things as the correct *Etiquette.* way of saluting guests, rising from or sitting on the floor, opening and shutting of the sliding doors, and such like things.

Every movement of a woman in Japan is marked by the characteristic grace of the country, and the long, low bow which accompanies “Sayonara” (“Good-bye”) is admired and spoken of all over the world. The Japanese maiden owes her graceful movements to her etiquette lessons. Our own schoolgirl is quite an awkward tom-boy by the side of her Japanese sister, but then we are always so busy in England, and one finds at the end of the nineteenth century

DRESS-MAKING.





that there is more and more need for hurry and bustle if one is to win in the race for the good things of this world. It is not so in Japan, though there, too, people are beginning to find that ten hours a week is too much time to be given to the acquirement of graceful movements.

Flower arranging is one of the fine arts: the aim is to make the flowers in the vase look as if they were growing, so that the branch is bent and clipped, and the buds and blossoms are so arranged as to simulate the shrub or tree from which it has been cut. Branches of fir and pine, bamboo and flowering plum, are specially favourite objects. Stones, holders cut from bamboo stems, and many other contrivances are generally necessary to hold the branches and stalks in position, but the vase, when finished, is always simple yet elegant, and far more beautiful than the old-fashioned crowded bouquet of all colours and all kinds of flowers, which was considered correct in our grandmother's days. The vases used are either of bronze or china, and they are placed on a small stand in the "takuma" of the dwelling room.

*Flower arranging.*

Another accomplishment which girls learn before their education is considered "finished" is that of the ceremonial tea making.

In a large house there is generally a room set apart for this observance alone, while in some cases a separate small house is built in the grounds, consisting of *Ceremonial tea making.* the one room, something like an English summer-house. It was my privilege to see the ceremony more than once, and in the case of a nobleman's daughter it was exceedingly well performed.

Ceremonial tea-making ("O Cha no yū") is different from the ordinary serving of tea for refreshment, which is made from the leaf dried in the sun. For O Cha no yū the tea is ground into a fine powder, and the cakes are of a special kind, eaten not with the tea, but after the ceremony. This consists in the preparation of single cups of tea, and nearly two hours is required to bring about the great result, so some idea can be formed of the innumerable details involved.

First, as to the guests. The number of their bows on entering, or on sitting down, or in passing the cup, and acknowledging any little act of the hostess, are all prescribed by

rule. The hostess, on her part, follows an equally strict etiquette, and in the number of steps she takes in approaching the little fire upon which water for the precious liquid is heated ; in the number of pieces of charcoal she places on it, and in their arrangement ; in the number of motions needed to suitably brush and dust the kettle and tongs, lay down the dipper, &c., she never fails in the smallest particular, nor in the absolute absence of hurry in performing the minutest detail, so necessary to a perfect observance of the tea ceremony.

Four distinct stages are observed :

- a. The arrival of the guests, and preparation of the brazier ;
- b. the making of the tea ;
- c. the partaking of it by the guests ;
- d. and the admiration by the guests of each implement which "contributes to so delightful a feast," to quote a Japanese expression.

The room is empty except for the charcoal brazier, which, in a room specially appointed for the purpose, is sunk into the floor, and a tiny table, a few inches high, to hold the cups.

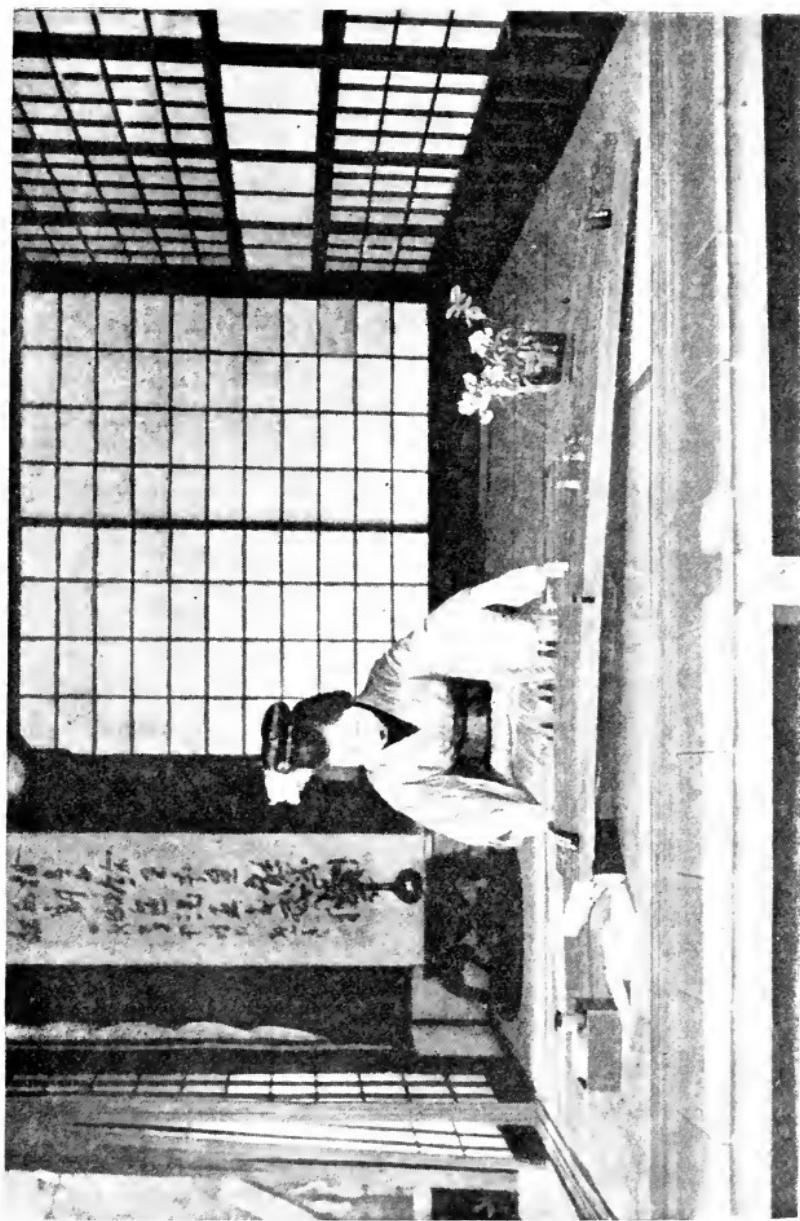
The kettle is boiled with much solemnity, but at the crucial moment its contents are tempered with several spoonfuls of *cold* water! No teapot is used, but the fine, green, powdered tea is placed in a bowl, hot water is poured upon it from the kettle with a dipper, and the whole is stirred up with a little bamboo whisk until it foams.

There is a prescribed mode for receiving the bowl of tea, and each bowl must be emptied with three sips. Tea is made for each guest in turn, in the same bowl. A special set of utensils is used, all of ancient and simple design; so, too, the charcoal used on the brazier is of a special kind.

When all have partaken, the guests politely inspect the utensils, which will very possibly be hundreds of years old, and express admiration of their quaintness and antiquity.

This ceremony was devised by Hideyoshi, a famous general in Japan, during a war over which men's minds were much agitated. He ordered its strict observance before every meeting of his officers, "to calm the spirits and prevent undue haste in any important decision."

Girls of the upper and middle classes learn



PLAYING THE KOTO.

J.

E



to play the "koto," while those of the lower classes mostly learn the "samisen."

*Musical instruments.* The "koto" is a long horizontal instrument with a sounding board, about five feet long, upon which are stretched strings supported by ivory bridges.

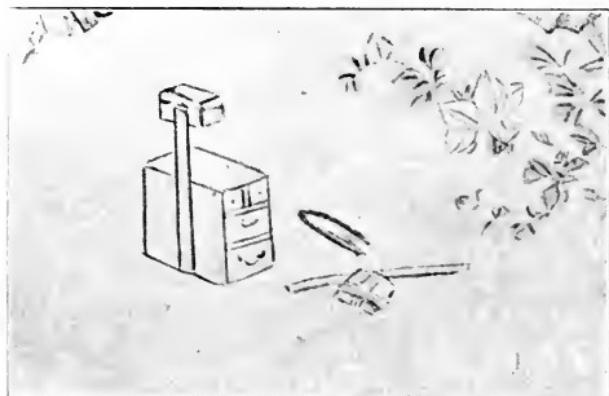
"*Koto.*" It is played by means of ivory finger tips. The player sits before the instrument on the floor in the ordinary posture, and when she touches the strings she often sings a soft accompaniment.

The "samisen" is a kind of banjo, and is often played during theatrical performances and recitations. It gives forth dull "*Samisen.*" and monotonous tones. The teaching of these two musical instruments is largely in the hands of blind men and women.

The Japanese scale has thirteen notes, and some people think that Japan borrowed the Western method of tuning; but a "koto" was used by a native musician called Yatsuhashi one hundred and twenty years before Sebastian Bach wrote his celebrated fugues.

We have printed the Japanese National Anthem at the end of this book. If you play it over you will see how different Japanese music, even when adapted to European instruments,

is from our own. They, on their part, do not easily understand our methods. A friend of mine once heard a hymn given out in a church. There was no harmonium, and the Japanese clergyman did not know the tune, nor did the people know which tune he intended—but they all sang, and sang lustily, and the effect was what you may imagine.



WORK-BOX.

## CHAPTER VII.

### MARRIAGE.

EVERY girl in Japan is expected to marry, so when she attains to the age of sixteen or thereabouts a suitable husband is sought for her by her parents or a friend of the family.

The friend is often a professional match-maker, who makes it his business to introduce young people to one another. This third person is called the "go-between," or "Nakadachi." If all is agreeable the day is fixed.

The wedding ceremony, such as it is, takes place in the evening, and the bride leaves her parents' house in the afternoon, to repair to the bridegroom's for the ceremony. Sometimes the bridegroom comes to the house of the bride, in the case of his adoption as a son, or if the bride is the only child of her parents.

She is preceded by more or less furniture, and boxes of clothes, carried on poles by coolies wearing a special uniform. She

generally takes a writing-table and materials, which consist of rolls of porous paper for letters, packets of long thin envelopes, and a rubbing-stone and Indian ink enclosed in a square lacquer box.

*A bride's luggage.* In her luggage is also a chest of drawers, called a "tansu," and lacquer tables for meals, with complete sets of dishes and cups, and chopsticks, and a large stock of dresses and sashes. As the fashion does not change in Japan, a bride can take to her husband's house enough clothes to serve a lifetime. Every woman, except perhaps in Court circles, knows how to sew, and makes not only her own clothes, but those of her children *Sewing.* and husband as well. Girls are taught how to sew when quite young, and most of the time out of school is spent in making or re-making a "kimono," which is the name given to the long, loose, outer robe worn in the country. A workbox is always seen when sewing is in progress, and it has small drawers in it for thread and scissors, and a long foot measure fitted in at the back. There is a regulation length for the stitches, which are carefully measured.

But to return to the wedding ceremony.

This itself is strictly private, no one being present except the bride and her parents, the bridegroom and his parents, the go-between—"Nakadachi"—and a servant, whose business it is to pass the "cup." "Sakazuke" then takes place, which is the drinking of "saké" (the native spirit) from a twin-spouted cup. There are three cups, one arranged above the other, and the bride and bridegroom drink each alternately.

Then this is repeated between bride and bridegroom, and parents, and go-between respectively, nine times. Fortunately for the happy pair the cup is very small! The go-between then proceeds to sing a song, specially composed for the occasion. (The Japanese



A WEDDING CAKE.

are very original, and easily compose songs and orations.) When this is over the many invited guests, who in the meanwhile have been quietly sitting in an adjoining room, are invited to enter, and great merriment prevails till late in the night. Wedding cakes are eaten at this gathering, made of rice-flour and

*Cakes.* sugar, stamped out in the shape of a stork and tortoise, emblematic of long life and felicity. Accompanying these cakes are sugar flowers, beautifully made and delicately coloured to imitate nearly every flower of which Japan is proud. You often see most perfect representations of the peony, narcissus, maple leaf, azalea, chrysanthemum, camelia, and even fir cones. These cakes are done up in thin wooden boxes and sent round to all relatives and friends, in much the same way as the custom prevails in England.

There is no “going away” for bride and bridegroom like the English honeymoon tour,

but the bride at once receives callers  
*Life in the home.* and settles down in her new home.

Here her time is occupied with work in the house, and attentions to her husband's comfort. Various duties fall to her lot: she entertains friends, receives and returns

presents (which is a much-observed custom in Japan), superintends her servants in the polishing of the verandah boards, and gives directions for the provisioning of the house. This is a most important duty for the housewife in Japan, for there are rigid rules of hospitality, and friends often call unexpectedly, and if they have travelled far stay a whole day, if not longer, and the lady of the house must always have things in readiness.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### HOUSES.

ALMOST every house in Japan is built of wood ; brick and stone would not stand the continuous earthquake shocks. They are

very easily erected, and cost very little ; the first part to be constructed is the framework of the roof. A recently arrived missionary was once



A STREET.

preaching the sermon which was part of his examination in the language. "Brethren," he said, "in a flower garden you do not look for fruit before the seed is sown ; in building a house you do not begin with the roof. Similarly," &c., &c. But the congre-

gation stared : for the roof is just the part with which the Japanese builder does begin. When it is ready the framework is lifted bodily, and supported on the beams of the future house. Of course there are houses and houses, the cottages of the poor and the mansions of the rich ; but the main features are the same. Every house, large and small, has the tatamied



A HOUSE DOOR.

floor, raised about two feet above the ground, on which you stand as you enter ; the shōji, or sliding paper walls ; the tokuma, or main beam in the corner of the best room.

“Tatami” are mats of rice straw, about two-and-a-half inches thick, the upper surface closely woven, the packing held tight by “*Tatami.*” threads passing through and through it. They are always made six feet long and

three feet wide ; the square of six feet formed by two “tatami” placed side by side is called a “tsubo,” and is the standard used in measuring land. “A room of eight mats,” “of five and a half mats,” &c., gives a Japanese a clear idea of its dimensions.

Before entering a house, if you wear boots, you sit down, on the edge of the raised tatami—covered floor—and take them off; if you wear “geta” you slip your feet out of them, for the floor is to a Japanese both chair and table and bed; it would be as unreasonable to walk on it with dirty shoes as to trample on a white tablecloth or bed-spread. But you must not do this until you have cried “Moshi, moshi” (“I say”), or “Go men nasai” (“I beg your pardon”) when the master of the house, his wife, or servant, pushes back the “shōji,” receives and returns your salutation of “Kon-nichi wa” (“As for to-day”), and begs you (“O hairi”) to come in. You step in, in your stockings or “tabi,” and follow.

A flat cushion stuffed with wool, about two-and-a-half feet square, is laid on the ground at a convenient distance from the “hibachi,” and on this you kneel, sit on your heels, and

placing your hands together on the mat in front of you, bend down until your forehead touches them, then resuming your previous sitting posture.

The “hibachi” is a box filled with sand or ashes, in the middle of which some charcoal is kept burning. It admits, of course, of all sorts of elaboration, both in material and construction, and the charcoal used varies much in value and excellence, the best being made from cherry wood. Very rarely does the hibachi give off any fumes : and even these are not poisonous. I

have often slept in a room containing one or more, with no ill effects. A poor French cabman tried one in his cab, to keep his fare warm ; but he had not Japanese charcoal, and the result of his very first experiment was a funeral.

To sit on one's heels for long together is trying to a foreigner, but it is the ordinary *Sitting posture*. posture for a Japanese, unless he is wearing trousers ; for his foot and leg, as he sits, form a straight line from



THE HIBACHI.

the toe to the knee, and there is no strain on the muscles of the instep. It is an exceedingly convenient posture for a large gathering of people: an audience of five hundred persons would occupy not half the space of the chairs necessary for the same in Europe. But it can scarcely be doubted that it is to this that the short stature of the Japanese is due; it is in the legs, not in the body, that they seem to be ill-developed.

While the master or mistress is making you a cup of tea, you have time to look around you. On the side of the room which faces the open air, the wall consists chiefly of "shōji"; on that opening into the next room, of "fusuma." But these slide in grooves to allow of entrance and exit. A "shōji" consists of a framework .. "Shōji." of wood, about five feet six by three, latticed by thin strips of the same kind of wood running parallel with the sides, the spaces between the lattices being about five inches by four. Upon this, very thin white paper is smoothly pasted, which freely admits the light, and, it must be admitted, to a great extent, the cold air: while the best carpentry in the world cannot make the frames and grooves to fit exactly, so as to be draught-

proof. But outside the “shōji,” on the other side of the verandah, if there is one, a series of wooden shutters slide in similar grooves for use at night or windy weather. “Fusuma” “*Fusuma*,” are very much like “shōji,” except that instead of the lattice work and thin paper there is one sheet of thick paper on which pictures are painted, or great sayings and sentiments of wise men are daintily written in black.

And now look at the corner of the room. About six feet from one end of the house wall (invariably covered with white or “*tokonoma*,” tinted plaster) there is a wooden pillar, standing some eighteen inches into the room; between this and the other wall there is a step of wood, about six inches high. The kind of wood varies with the wealth of the owner, the most beautifully grained woods procurable being used, often at very heavy cost, for this purpose. In the middle of this step there will be a vase, again as beautiful as means will allow, containing flowers, a branch of blossom, or leaves; and on the wall above this, a hanging picture (“*kakemono*”), frequently, though not invariably, of some religious subject. This pillar conveys our

“ Englishman’s house is his castle ” idea : at the family conclave the master of the house sits beneath it, at a social function it is the post of honour. To give a description of the rest of the furniture does not take long, for there

*The model of neatness.* is none unless it be a box containing a few books, a picture or two—very often cut from some illustrated paper, in foreign frames, and terribly out of keeping with the rest of the room—hung above the “fusuma,” and possibly a quaint stone or chased vase of bronze. The Japanese do not make their rooms like museums, to harbour dust, and form a continual occasion of saying, “Don’t touch” to the children, and “The cat broke it” to the mistress : they bring out their pretty things when they are wanted, but put them away in the go-down when they are not.

We shall see a go-down (“kura”) if we accept the invitation to come and see the garden.

We need not look at the other rooms, for they are much the same as that in which we had our tea and talked to our hosts, though not so fresh and new-looking. You will see a little furniture in them : a chest of drawers, of light wood, strengthened at the corners with black iron angle pieces, and in two divisions,

so that in case of fire you can pick up the two parts one after the other and carry them out ; a huge chest, which contained the trousseau of the mistress when she first came as a bride ; the musical instruments played by the ladies of the household, and the low table at which the master of the house sits to read or do accounts. You will read about the kitchen in another chapter.

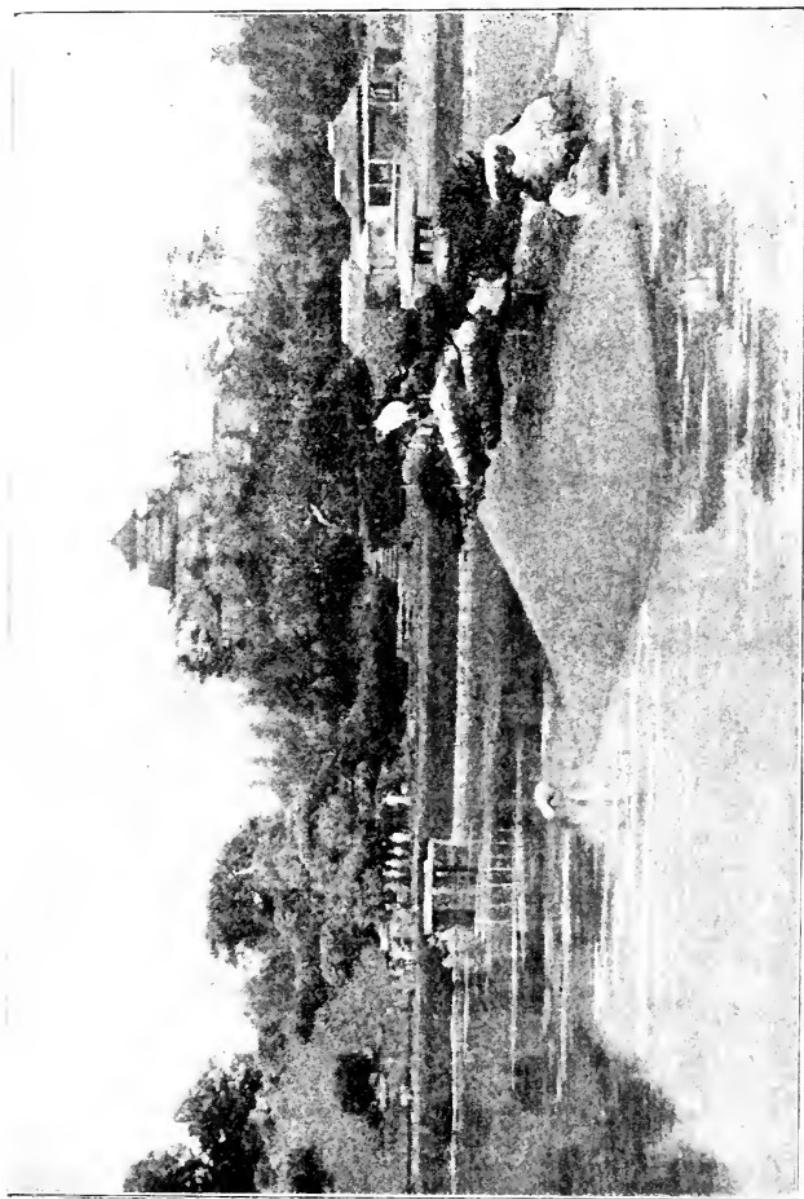


## CHAPTER IX.

### GARDENS AND CASTLES.

A JAPANESE gardener aims at producing form rather than colour, though he will, if possible, so arrange his shrubs and trees that one at least shall be in flower, or in brilliant leaf, all the year round. If you will look at the chapter on Flowers you will see that this is quite possible.

In describing a Japanese house, I promised to show you a “Kura,” or store-house, when you went to see the garden. It is at *Kura*. the end or the back of the house, with very thick walls and a door of mud, so that if the house should catch fire, the kura, containing all the valuables, escapes uninjured. After a fire, the kuras may be seen proudly standing up among the charred ruins of the houses, none the worse except for being a little browner, and if a rearrangement of streets is considered advisable, they are raised on beams, and moved upon rollers to their new site.



A PUBLIC GARDEN.



To turn now to the garden itself. A large garden will be sure to contain an artificial pool, with a quaint stone bridge across it, and stepping-stones leading up to the bridge. The surface of the water will be almost hidden by lotus or water-lily leaves, and a carp or gold-fish will now and then raise his head above it. A lawn of smooth turf has no beauty to a Japanese eye ; but beside the pond there will be a pine tree reaching its long branches so far over the water that but for a support or two they would certainly break off, and on the other side, if there be not naturally a slope, the ground will be made to rise irregularly, the better to allow the various trees to reveal their graceful shapes. Sometimes there will be a representation of Fuji, or of some well-known group of mountains and valleys. In any case, the whole will present to a Japanese some symbolic or allusive meaning, which you or I cannot appreciate ; though even foreigners are conscious of a sense of restfulness as they sit enjoying the beauties of the garden. There are no long lines of scarlet geraniums, red daisies, blue lobelia, and so on—no flower-beds with the fresh soil exposed to view ; green is the prevailing colour, save for some majestic camellia

or magnolia standing gravely by, or a splash of azalea, all the more brilliant by contrast with the sombre hue by which it is surrounded. You do not turn a corner to be almost startled by the blaze of colour, as in an English garden ; it is the shape and arrangement of the trees that impresses you, and the message of the whole scene seems to be “peace.” Everything suggests old times, calls one to forget the hurry and bustle of the last years of the nineteenth century, and to turn back in thought to the days when those trees were planted, fifty or a hundred years ago ; when railways were not invented, and jinrickshas unknown ; when life jogged on easily and smoothly, full of poetry and art. Those days are gone for ever from Japan, but it is good for the nation to be reminded of them by her old gardens.

The Japanese move trees as readily as they move kuras. As much earth as possible is left clinging to the roots, which are wrapped in matting and securely bound round with straw rope. The whole is then placed upon a hand-cart and wheeled to the required spot. I have seen a large tree lifted in this way, with the help of

*Large  
trees  
moved.*



ONE OF THE IMPERIAL CASTLES.



an elaborate scaffolding, and a small army of men, clean over a wall twenty feet high.

You will remember how the Daimios surrendered their castles at the Restoration (*Castles*, p. 12). They are now, if not in use as barracks, thrown open to the public. The characteristics of a Japanese castle are the moat, the massive wall over-hanging it, the extensive plateau, and the castle itself.

The largest castle is that of the old Shoguns at Tokyo, now the residence of the Emperor.

*Tokyo.* It is surrounded by five moats, the outermost of which is dug out on one side, in spite of its enormous width, to the depth of over a hundred feet. Next in size is the castle of Osaka, the last stronghold

*Osaka.* of the party opposed to reform in the Civil War (p. 11). The stones of all the castle walls are very large, fitted together like mosaic work, without cement; those at Osaka are the largest of all. For the Daimio who built it offered a large reward to him who should bring the biggest stone. There were many competitors, who, with immense labour, transported huge masses of rock to the spot. They were duly measured,

and the prize awarded. "And now, my friends, the rest of you may take your stones back again!" Needless to say, the rest left their stones where they were, and they were



NAGOYA CASTLE.

built into the castle wall. At Himeji Castle a large round stone is pointed out, called *Himeji*, the "old woman's stone," because, when the castle was built, she was anxious to do her part, but being only a feeble old

woman could only offer her mill-stone instead of her services.

Passing through the gate and up a stone staircase of enormous strength, you reach the plateau. This is useful as a place for drilling soldiers, or for drinking tea; several castle grounds I know make the most delightful spots for picnics, high enough to give a good view, and with an old-world romance hanging about them. In those to which visitors are admitted there is sure to be a tea-house, where you can get hot water, and when you are rested from your walk you go on to inspect the castle.

This is usually oblong, of five stories, each one smaller than the one below, with walls of huge thickness and narrow windows. At each end of the ridge of the roof projects some kind of head, usually a dolphin or

*The Nagoya dolphins.* dragon, carved in stone. At Nagoya these figures are covered with a strong iron netting, for they are made of solid gold! Once upon a time a robber climbed on to the roof, detached one, and was making away with it when he was arrested. But yet another adventure awaited the dolphins. They were sent to the Vienna Exhibition, and on their way back the ship

was wrecked. They stayed for some time at the bottom of the sea (quite the right place for dolphins if they had not been made of gold), but were at last fished up again, and restored to their places, from which no amount of persuasion shall ever again remove them.



## CHAPTER X.

### FOOD.

“BREAD is the staff of life.” Yes, to us Englishmen: not so to the Japanese. To them rice is “the staff of life”: it is served as the main part of the morning, the mid-day, and the evening meal. The kitchen in a Japanese house does not contain anything like

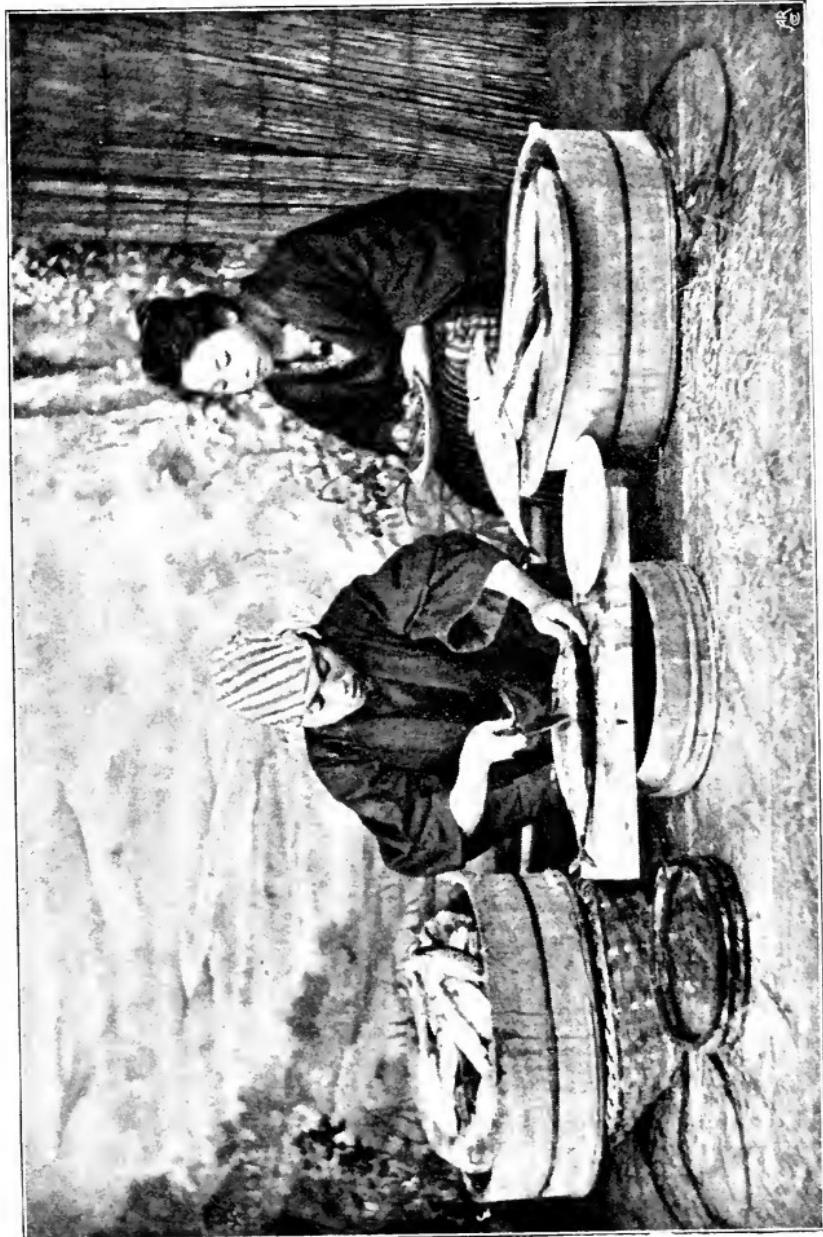
*Cooking utensils.*

the complicated arrangement of cooking stove, oven and hot-water boiler which we consider necessary. There is an iron apparatus, something like the copper used for boiling clothes in this country, in which wood is used for fuel, for cooking the rice; and a large hibachi, sometimes long enough for the performance of several operations at once, for doing all the rest, boiling, broiling, and frying. Where there are no milk puddings, no bread, and no pastry, baking is naturally unknown; the frying-pan is used very little, chiefly for the making of a dish closely resembling our omelette. When a great heat is required a

“shichi-rin” is used. This is a brazier of earthenware, constructed so as to admit a strong current of air to the charcoal. Its name means “seven rin” (ten “rin” make a cent), for that was once its value; it now costs about twenty times as much. In an ordinary house-

Rice. hold rice is only boiled early in the morning and at supper time, enough being prepared at breakfast time to last over lunch. And it is exquisitely cooked. An English cook thinks it necessary to boil the rice till it is soft, when she empties her saucepan into a colander, and strains off all the water. A Japanese knows exactly how much water to put in, so that by the time the rice is done enough water has boiled away to make it ready to serve. You, perhaps, will have heard how during the Indian mutiny the native soldiers generously insisted on the Europeans eating the rice, “only let master give us the water he strains off it.” But the water so strained off takes with it half the nutriment of the rice. People living in rice countries know this; the European cook is ignorant of it, and so is very wasteful without knowing it.

The second staple article of food is fish. The Japanese rivers and seas abound in fish, and



©

CUTTING SASHIMI.



you can hardly be so far from the coast  
*Fish.* that you cannot get it either fresh or

dried. I have seen it stated in books that flesh is cut from the poor fish while they are alive: I have never seen this, and doubt if it is true; though I have been shown the tank in which live fish were swimming about, and chosen one for my supper.

You will like to know which are the most common kinds of fish.

From the northern island comes the salmon: a fine big fellow, dried hard, very salt, with flesh of a deep red. He is soaked *Salmon.* in cold water to get some of the salt out of him, cut in thin slices, and broiled on a wire netting over the charcoal. Very good he sometimes is to those who can stand salt things.

The carp is more common than the salmon. He is broiled whole, and laid on a dish with some brown sauce on him; his flesh

*Carp.* is very white and toothsome. Dace are treated in the same way, but they are rather difficult to manage, they have so many small bones.

To my mind the greatest delicacy in the fish line is "sashimi"—raw fish. A steak is cut

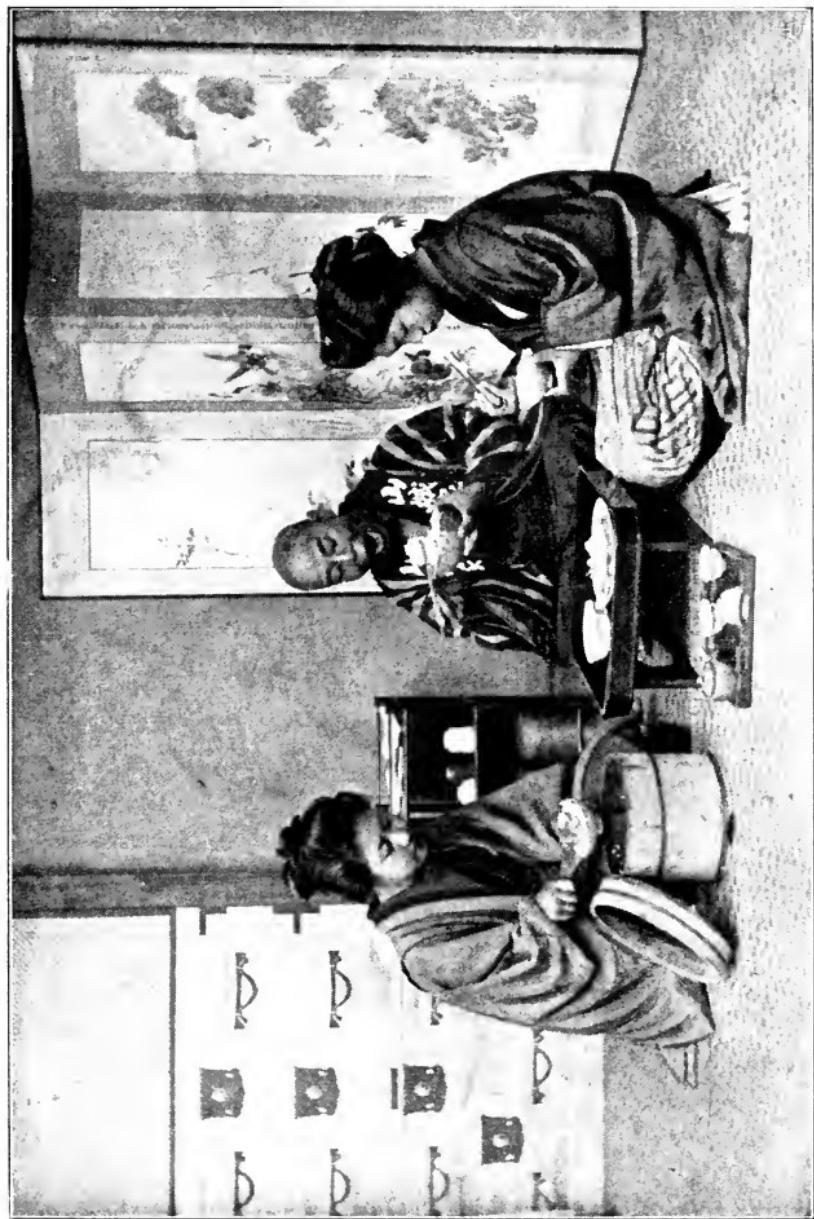
sometimes from carp, but more often from a huge shark-like creature from four to *Raw fish.* six feet long, and sliced into thin strips without the shape of the whole being disturbed. On the same dish with this is served a little heap of finely shredded onion, a piece of ginger, and a tiny mass of some very hot root pounded up—hotter than the best mustard ever produced—and a small yellow chrysanthemum flower. These you put into a tall handleless cup, half full of “soy”—a sort of Worcester sauce, made from burnt beans—beat it all up, and then, dipping a slice of “sashimi” into it, convey it to your mouth. It is strongly recommended by doctors as being a most nutritious and easily digested food for invalids and others.

Then there is a fish something like cod, which is boiled in square lumps, and served in the water in which it was boiled, *Other varieties.* with the addition of some delicate herbs; “katsuobushi,” looking like a piece of stick cut from a hedge, so hard is it dried, from which you scrape some shavings as an accompaniment to your rice if you have nothing else (memorandum—it goes most excellently with a curry); minnows, which

are massed together before they are dried, and eaten whole, like whitebait ; and a most curious flat white fish, with hairy antennæ and a long tail, very thin, and, to all appearance, very leathery, much in vogue among men addicted to drink, as an accompaniment to "saké," to give them a thirst. This I have never tried. Many hotels, and private gentlemen also, keep eels in tanks for use when wanted. They are rather strong, and greasy to eat, but I suppose eels are so in other countries too. These are the most important kinds of fish : but to a Japanese cook "all's fish that comes to my net." I was once at a village on the Pacific coast, where they gave me a huge plateful of the most extraordinary kinds of fish I have ever seen — hard, soft, red, white, bitter, sour, and even sweet ! They were all served raw with some sort of vinegar.

Before I go further I really must tell you how a Japanese eats his meal. He sits on the floor as usual, and the servant *A meal.* places before him a low table, perhaps two feet square, of lacquered wood, with a rim round the edge to prevent things falling off. It contains a small bowl of soup, one of fish, and one of some kind of beans or vegetables ; also

an empty bowl, with a cover, and a tiny flat saucer containing a few small cubes of “dai-kon”—of which more presently—and a pair of what we call chopsticks. If you thin down a couple of lead pencils, you will have a good idea of these. Next, the “nésan” (servant) brings in a tub of rice, and sits down before him: he takes the cover off the empty bowl—it is about five inches across at the top—and with a bow, if he be a polite man, hands it over to her. She receives it on a tray, digs out some rice with a wooden spatula, something like a small battledore, such as children use in Lancashire, and fills the bowl, replacing it on the tray to hand back to him, with another bow, of course. He puts it on his table, and first drinks his soup; then, with the rice bowl in his left hand, and his chopsticks in his right, he takes a mouthful of fish, then a mouthful of rice, and whatever he fancies from the viands before him, and so goes on with his meal, the servant being ready to fill up his rice bowl whenever it is empty. You may have as many helpings of rice as you like: but I have seldom seen any one ask for another portion of anything else. Such a thing as a joint is unknown in Japan: everything is served “à la Russe.”



A MEAL.



When the gentleman has had enough he pours some tea into his rice bowl, and drinks it : you may leave as much as is necessary in the other bowls or dishes, but it is considered very bad manners to leave any rice. At the end of the meal, too, a piece of the daikon is eaten.

Daikon is a kind of turnip, growing to a length of eighteen inches, and a thickness of "Daikon," about two inches. It is simply washed and cut up for table without being cooked. The people say it is equivalent to our cheese, which, in itself indigestible, helps all the rest to digest—but dear me ! I would rather suffer the worst dyspepsia in the world than be condemned to eat a piece of daikon after every meal. Of course you may leave it *Chopsticks.* if you wish. I may say that chopsticks are not at all difficult to manage, after a little practice. You hold one tight (try with two pencils) against the middle of your thumb on one side, the root of the first finger, and the tip of the third finger on the other ; the second works easily between the tips of the thumb and of the two first fingers. Well do I remember how, very shortly after I reached Japan, I went for a row on the river with some students. We stopped at a tea house famed

for sweet millet cakes, and I found myself with a dish of them in front of me, and a pair of chopsticks in my hand. With much difficulty I managed to get hold of a cake, like a dumpling in shape, and was gleefully raising it to my mouth, when lo! ("There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"!) the stupid chopsticks let go, and down fell the dumpling plop into my cup of tea, which happened to be underneath, and my reputation with the students was gone for ever.

I spoke of vegetables. Shalottes and scarlet runner beans, without their shells, are the most common: they are boiled (sometimes with sugar), and eaten cold. So are greens; not cabbages, but turnip tops. And there is one kind of vegetable which will surprise you: lily bulbs boiled in sugar. English people grow cherry trees to eat the fruit, lilies to admire the flower: the Japanese grow cherry trees for the sake of the blossoms, lilies in order to eat the bulbs. They are very nice, something like *marrons glacés*. Another strange dish is boiled bamboo root, which separates into flakes, like the outer part of an artichoke. This is white in colour, rather insipid in flavour, and somewhat indigestible.

I must not omit “*nori*” (seaweed), which is kept in store dry, and prepared by the addition of some hot water. I have already alluded to eggs, which are usually poached and put in the soup, or made into sweet omelettes, or eaten raw, beaten up with soy or sugar.

I think I have said enough about ordinary meals. At a great dinner much the same dishes are served, and in the same way. The guests sit round the room, the host just under the “*tokonoma*,” and before each one is placed his table, with soup, fish, and dainty upon it, while the servants bring in rice. Healths are drunk in *saké*, the national drink of the country, brewed from rice, and scarcely at all intoxicating : you wash out your tiny cup in a large bowl of warm water (with cherry blossom, if possible, floating in it), held by the *nésan*, and have it filled with *saké*; this you hand to the gentleman to whom you wish to pay the compliment, he drinks from your bowl, and then does the same for you. At a big dinner there is usually an exhibition of dancing by some professional girl performers, and when you go home you are provided with a small wooden box, in which you may carry away all that you have not eaten.

The same kind of box is used for another extra-ordinary meal ; when you are travelling.

*Refreshments on the railway.* There is no rushing out of the train for a cup of coffee, too hot to drink if you are nervous about the train going on without you, and a stodgy bun or hard-boiled egg. Boys and men come down the platform with butlers' trays hanging by straps from their shoulders : these contain teapots filled with freshly made tea, and the wooden boxes I spoke of. The tea, pot and all, only costs three farthings, and you can keep the pot. The boxes are divided inside into two compartments ; in one of them is cold boiled rice, in the other pieces of fish, ginger, or beans. Or if you like you may have a box of "sushi." A thin strip of fish is pressed into some rice, and the whole rolled up into a cylinder two inches long, with a thin film of piquant seaweed to cover it. "Sushi" is very much nicer than sandwiches.

Meat is eaten to a very limited extent. It is forbidden by Buddhism, which, however,

*Meat.* allows fish. You still see occasionally in big towns the advertisement posted over a beef shop, "Mountain whale sold here." Call it beef and it is forbidden, call it whale and



REFRESHMENTS.



it is all right. About as frequently you will see "horse flesh" notified.

Both these are cut into small pieces and fried with onions, sugar, and soy, and eaten straight from the frying-pan. In the mountains you will meet with bear flesh, the taste of which is something like corned beef.

To turn to drinkables. Besides "saké," beer is gradually coming into use. It is very light,

*Drinks.* like German beer, too expensive at present for the pocket of the ordinary Japanese, and he does not know how to drink it. Instead of a good long pull, such as beer-drinkers in this country enjoy, they take it in the same tiny bowls from which they drink saké. I have, on the railway, seen passengers during a long journey pull out their bottle every hour or so, take a snack, and put it away again. There's no accounting for tastes.

## CHAPTER XI.

### FRUITS AND CONFECTIONS.

THEY call Scotland “the land o’ cakes.” And yet, when I went there once, they gave me eggs for breakfast, and quite laughed when I asked for cakes! Now Japan is *really* a land of cakes. You can get them whenever you like: not large four-pounders, or bun-loaf, which requires to be cut with a knife, but dainty little morsels, large enough for two or three bites and no more. A confectioner’s shop is a pretty place, so varied are the colours and shapes of the things for sale.

Cakes are divided into two classes: the soft and the hard. The soft kind are made of beans, pounded into a pulp and well sweetened; this is enclosed in a covering of rice-dough, white in its natural state, but usually tinted with some delicate colour. Some are round, some diamond-shaped, some in the form of leaves, and some in the shape of flowers. There is one curious

*Bean  
cakes.*

CAKES.





variety of cake, with a mass of brown bean pulp simply folded inside a film of rice-dough and wrapped in a leaf. It is said that once upon a time a faire ladye was bewitched, and compelled to live at the bottom of a pond, guarded by a dragon. When her friends threw ordinary cakes into the water, the dragon ate them, so they wrapped them in leaves, and then the dragon failed to see them. This is probably a story invented after the custom of wrapping cakes in leaves came in: for dragon or no dragon, it is certain that the leaf gives a most delightful flavour to the cake.

Then there are “dango.” You will read about Momotaro later on, and see how useful his “dango” were to him. They are made round, of millet-dough, with or without bean pulp in the centre.

*Millet cakes.* When there is a full moon, the Japanese take evening walks to enjoy the sight of it: and every here and there you pass a man crying, “Tsukimi dango!” “Millet cakes for looking at the moon!” They are eaten warm at such times, and no doubt keep off chills from the night air.

Beans are used, too, for making jelly—either nice little round lumps of clear transparent jelly, or a thick dark red stuff, called “yōkan,”

more like very stiff blancmange or cornflour.

*Yōkan* This is cut into strips and eaten with *jelly*. chopsticks, or taken in the fingers: and honestly, it is one of the nicest sweetmeats I have ever tasted. You can buy it beside most of the waterfalls, and other show places, and if you are tired and hungry after a long walk, it is most refreshing and strengthening.

“Amé,” or “mizu-amé,” is a sweetmeat rather than a cake, but I may be allowed to mention it. It is a thick liquid like

“Amé” treacle, or still more like the malt extract which you may have had to take in a spoon out of a bottle, when you were “run down.” It is made from wheat and is delicately sweet, with no suggestion of medicine about it, though doctors say it is as good for you as malt extract and cod-liver oil. I have eaten pounds of it with bread and butter. And besides the liquid form, it is made in solid oblong pieces, very much like the Turkish delight you can buy in England. I wonder if a good friend of mine remembers how he asked the nésan one day to bring him “Umi,” and how she stared in horror, wondering what he could want *the sea* for, and how she could get it into the tiny room in the inn!

The hard kinds of cakes are made of sugar and rice flour. I do not much care for them : they are too dry and powdery, like the biscuit that the Red Queen gave to Alice in "Through the Looking Glass."

"O soba" is a sort of macaroni made from buckwheat. It is boiled till it is soft, served in a large bowl, and eaten with soy. A mountain of "soba" speedily becomes a molehill under the vigorous attacks of a traveller's chopsticks. Of "mochi" you will read in the chapter on the New Year.

Japan is not very fortunate in her fruit. As you know, cherry and plum trees are grown

*Fruit.* chiefly for their blossom : the fruit is

made into a pickle—the very remembrance of which makes my mouth fill with water—which is served as a digestive in good inns with your early morning tea. Peaches there are, but they are very hard, and have nothing like the flavour of ours.

Grapes grow to a certain extent in one broad valley among the mountains, but are very small at the best ; and the only good apples produced in the country come from the Northern island, the cool air of which seems to suit them. Strawberries have been introduced into the island, but

are hardly safe to eat, as the Japanese throw a great deal of liquid manure on the beds, and the fruit is often tainted by it. You occasionally come across figs, not of the best quality.

There is one fruit which you do get in perfection—the persimmon. It is ready for eating *Persimmon.* in September, about the size of a peach, and of a dull golden colour. The first to be gathered are hard : you pare off the rind, and cut it in four, taking out the long pointed stones. As the summer advances it grows softer and softer, till you can pull out the stem, and eat the fruit with a spoon without breaking the skin—most luscious and juicy. A little later, as you walk along the country lanes, you see rows of them hanging from bamboo poles, drying in the sun ; and later again, you can buy them packed in boxes, like the figs we get at the grocer's. But the best of their flavour is gone by then ; it is when ripe, or half dried, that they are at their prime. At a hotel in Kyoto, a lady sitting at the table next to mine remarked to her husband one morning, “ You will find life worth living if you eat three persimmons a day.” Poor dear Jack, or whatever was his name ! The life of a “ globe-trotter ” must be a gloomy affair.

"As the oranges grow yellow the doctors' faces grow green," is a Japanese proverb. In

*Oranges.* November you see green oranges for sale, and you shudder : but really they

are not so sour as they look. The Japanese orange is a very thoughtful fruit ; it has no pips to be swallowed by accident. There are tiny ones, such as we call "Tangerine" oranges, and pay three-halfpence apiece for : in Japan they are seven or eight for a farthing. Then there are medium-sized ones, very sweet and easily peeled : there are some with hard skins, and very little juice : and there are big fellows as large as melons, with very thick skins, and a great deal of white lining. These last two kinds make good marmalade.

In the hottest part of the summer the water melon comes to cool you, or perhaps to make

you very ill, if you eat too much of it.

*Water melons.* It grows up to the size of a "Match"

Rugby football, and is eaten with powdered sugar, for it has little taste of its own.

And pears ? Don't talk to me of Japanese pears. They are much more apple-shaped

*Hard pears.* than pear-shaped, as hard as turnips, and with less taste. The Japanese cut them up and soak them in water, but

even then you can hardly munch them comfortably. Foreigners stew them to eat with milk pudding, and even then they have no flavour, though they shed an enormous amount of juice in their indignation at being so treated.

There is one Japanese fruit which I am sure you have never seen : the “biwa” or loquat.

A branch of “biwa” looks very much *The biwa..* like one picked from an oak tree when covered with yellow galls. What there is of it is not bad ; but it has a tough skin, and very large stones, so that there is very little left to eat. The stones are slimy, and slip down very easily ; I have heard of several people who have died through swallowing one. The children of wise parents are not allowed to eat biwas. A friend told me that he had seen them on sale in London, at half-a-crown apiece !

## CHAPTER XII.

### FIRE AND EARTHQUAKES.

You will remember that nearly all houses in Japan are built of wood, because of the earthquakes. So you can easily understand that if a fire breaks out it is very difficult to extinguish it. I was once coming home from church on a Sunday morning in Tokyo, when I saw the whole horizon clouded with smoke. It was from a fire which in ten hours burnt down two thousand six hundred houses! Fires used to be called “the blossoms of Tokyo”; over and over again almost the whole city was destroyed, till after one huge conflagration in 1870, a certain Count persuaded the authorities to insist upon a single street being formed, where two had formerly run parallel with one another, down the centre of the city, so wide that the flames could not easily leap over it. This is called “Ginza” (“seat of money”), and is a fine handsome street with an avenue of trees along each side, and tram lines laid down its centre.

The style of fire-engine, too, has been much improved. In old days it was a box with a pump, worked by a couple of cranks, *The fire-engine.* so small that only two men could work at the same time, when it sent out a jet of water about as big as that from an average garden syringe. Now they have excellent Merryweather steamers, which don't give the poor fire a chance, when the wretched horses have once brought them to the spot.

You can easily imagine how fires begin. The lamp of the household is usually set on the edge of the "hibachi": one of *Prevalence of fires.* the children upsets it; it falls on the "tatami," and there is at once a blaze. Often, too, some rascal starts a fire in an empty house, in hopes of picking up something when the people of the neighbourhood bring their furniture out of their houses to remove it to a place of safety. I have heard it said that carpenters out of work, or timber merchants who want to sell their stock, occasionally commit the same crime. And then you must remember the earthquakes. Out of a thousand lamps placed on the edges of a thousand "hibachis" an earthquake shock will probably overturn two or three; so there will be two or

three fires starting up together, and if a strong wind is blowing, the fire-bells are soon jangling

*Fire-bells.* all over the city. These fire-bells you

see raised aloft on high ladders close to every police station, often with a man continually on duty standing at the top. As soon as he sees a fire he clangs the bell : if it is far away with an interval between each sound—ding—ding—ding. If it is near enough to be a source of danger, it is ding, ding—ding, ding : nearer still, ding, ding, ding—ding, ding, ding : if close at hand, ding, ding, ding, ding, as fast and as loud as he can go. And then there is such an uproar ! Out rushes a crowd of people, each carrying a paper lantern with his name on it if it is night, and all make for the place ; some merely to look on, some to help any friend whose house may be in danger. The friend's house is easy to find, for everyone who lives near will at once have hung out a big lantern with his name also painted upon it. And then all set to work to bring out their household goods and chattels : tatami, bedding, eating utensils, hibachi, shōji—everything comes out, and is put in a place of safety, perhaps to be removed a second time, if the fire spreads.

Meanwhile the firemen are upon the roofs of

the adjoining buildings, beating out the flying  
*Firemen.* sparks as they fall on the thin wooden  
shingles which cover most of the houses  
in Japan, and plying the hose or the hand  
pump. They wear a special uniform and head-  
dress, and each corps of five or six men has its  
own standard, a curious three-sided object  
painted black and white, formed of interlacing  
circles of cork, cut and gashed in the most  
eccentric manner, and with a fringe of long  
streamers ; this they plant on a house-top, and  
then comes the struggle. The comic editor  
will have it that this concern is a representa-  
tion of the fire-god, and that it means a hint  
to the fire not to come any further ; on the  
same principle as a bamboo rod, which they  
lay across the ridge of the roof, hanging  
baskets from each end, as a sure means of  
preserving that house. But the true meaning  
seems to be that all the members of any corps,  
seeing their standard at some point, know  
where to concentrate their efforts, and so, not  
through superstition, but through sheer hard  
work, they do say to the fire, in many cases,  
“ Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.”

Presently, the wells are found to be running  
dry ; and then indeed the prospect seems sad.

It may be necessary to overthrow a house, for which purpose huge poles are kept; or the fire may burn until it reaches a street too wide for it to cross. Fire plays most remarkable freaks, leaving one house standing when all around are burnt, or suddenly going out apparently of its own accord, really of course through a change in the direction of the wind.

Sad indeed is the sight next morning. The carpenters will be early at work, erecting a hoarding to mark the edge of the site of the burnt property; within this there will be half-a-dozen people huddled together over a fire raked together from the charred embers. I was once assured that the owner of a burnt house thought it beneath him to take a lodging elsewhere, as it would then appear that the fire and the weather had together mastered him: but I doubt the truth of this. Very soon the builders will be on the spot, and in a month's time you can only tell by the new appearance of the houses that the fire ever took place.

Perhaps you have never felt an earthquake, and do not know what to do if one should occur. There is, first of all, a long *Earth-quakes.* heaving motion, and then, if it is a bad earthquake, a sort of jerk as if poor old

Mother Earth was having a tooth pulled out. The natural inclination is to run out of the house. But then the tiles from the roof will fall on your head: a great many people have been killed in that way. The best thing to do is to stand in the doorway; then, if the roof falls in, the lintel protects you, and the tiles fall clear of you. Early one frosty winter's morning there was an earthquake. I heard a man who was sleeping in the same house with me jump out of bed, and run down to the door: it was locked, and bolted, and chained. He fussed about furiously with the fastenings of the door, and by the time he got it open, the earthquake was over, and he returned to his bed a colder and a wiser man. A Japanese told me that when an earthquake occurred, he always put his children to sit on the floor beside the chest of drawers; the beams would fall on this, leaving a clear space underneath.

Residents in Japan never grow accustomed to earthquakes. If they feel one while out in the evening, they almost fear to return home, lest they should have left the lamp in a dangerous place. In 1891 there was a great earthquake in the centre of the country, by

which the city of Gifu was almost entirely destroyed. The houses were thrown to the ground, crushing hundreds of unfortunate people beneath them, and then, when there was no one free to extinguish them, the flames broke out, and where a flourishing town had stood, nought was left save smoking ruins. That was indeed a terrible catastrophe. A number of people were gathered in a Christian chapel for prayer, and most of them were killed. In some cases the heavy thatched roof fell bodily, imprisoning but not harming the people in the house. A cotton mill fell with all its machinery and its poor operatives; the manager had been standing just under the wall, but had turned back to light his pipe, when the crash came. A lady in Osaka screamed to her children to run into the garden. The first child tripped and fell, the next fell over him, then the next, and last the nursemaid carrying the baby. While they were on the ground, the garden wall just in front of them, underneath which they would have been passing but for that stumble, was thrown over. Railway bridges were ruined, and rails twisted into all sorts of shapes; the earth cracked and the wells were

*The 1891  
earthquake.*

damaged, to add to the woes of the poor survivors.

In Gifu, the shocks continued at intervals for nearly two months; they could not tell at what moment the next might occur, and people would lie awake listening for the roaring sound, like a railway train in the distance, which preceded the shocks.

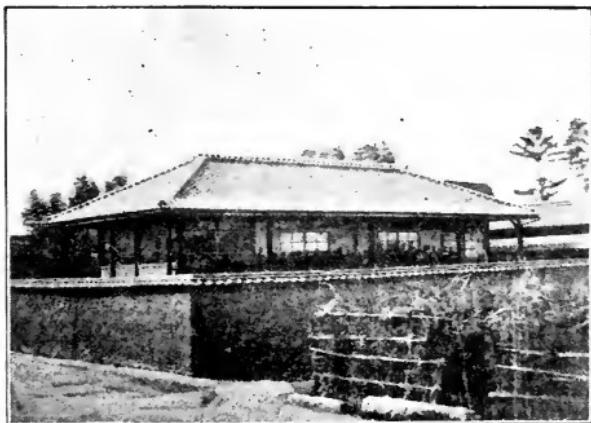
It was a terrible time!

Earthquakes are caused by a sudden settling down of the earth's crust. Pressure from the sides of a particular district gradually raises it, until something gives way, and down it goes again. The result is much the same as that when you throw a stone into a pond: you see little waves starting in circles from the centre, where the stone touched the water, becoming smaller in height as they spread. In the earthquake I have been speaking of you could distinctly see the waves of earth travelling along a road or railway, as if you put some toy bricks in a row on a rug, and passed your hand along underneath.

There was a seaquake, for a change, in *A* 1897. In the middle of the Pacific seaquake. Ocean there is a great cliff at the bottom of the sea, so that the water suddenly

becomes a thousand feet or more deeper. It is supposed that the top of this broke off, and fell, for a huge wave suddenly rushed up on the shores of the Northern Island, submerging whole villages, and carrying boats high and dry inland. About ten thousand people were drowned in this terrible occurrence.

Remember, now! If there is an earthquake tomorrow morning, do not run out of the house, but stand quietly in the doorway until it is over.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### TRAVELLING IN JAPAN.

IN Old Japan the only means of conveyance was the “*kago*,” or basket chair hanging from a pole, carried by two or four men.

“*Kago*.” These varied in style from the simple affair used by country people, to the magnificent creation, lacquered and draped with silk brocade, of the great Daimio. It was a grand sight to see a Daimio on his way to

Tokyo to take up his yearly residence *A bit of old Japan.* in close proximity to the Shōgun;

the messengers going before to command everything to be in readiness for the coming of the great man, the Samurai with their two swords, the mounted retainers, the long train of splendid “*kagos*” for the Daimio himself and his suite, the soldiers with their spears and battle-axes.

Such a procession forms the subject of many old pictures.

“*Kagos*” are still found in Japan, among



A JINRICKSHA.



the hills, especially when the road crosses a pass, or climbs up a steep mountain side to some hot spring or cool village, whither gentlefolk resort to escape the summer heat.

Foreigners have found them so uncomfortable, that at most of the places where they "Kago" congregate a special kind of "kago" of is found, long enough to give room *New Japan.* to their long legs. For the Japanese, as you read elsewhere, are accustomed to sit on their heels; and if visitors find this a difficult cramped position to maintain for long in a comfortable room, much more is it so when they are being jolted to and fro in "kagos."

It is the jinricksha that has superseded the kago. It was the invention of an American, *Jinricksha.* who seeing one day a number of men standing idle in the street, conceived the idea of utilising this potential labour. He hung a chair on a pair of wheels, and told a man he would pay him if he pulled it. The idea spread like wild-fire, and now there are more than forty thousand jinricksha pullers in Tokyo alone, while the primitive chair hung on wheels has been elaborated into the

lacquered and sometimes ornamented car, its motion rendered easy by complicated springs, and its jolting deadened by luxurious india-rubber bicycle-wheel tyres. It is only in the treaty ports that one sees such machines as these. Travelling in a jinricksha in general was described by a Scotch doctor as being "Vera good for the liver, but uncommon hard on the trowsers." You are quite ready for your hot bath after a long day's ride.

People sometimes speak of "rickshaws," but that is quite wrong. The word is compounded of "jin," which means man; "riki," which means power; and "sha," a wheel or carriage: it thus denotes "man-power carriage." I need not say that it is very hard work—I have seen a man fall down dead in the street from heart disease. Yet the Japanese themselves have no pity on the poor jinricksha pullers, and never dream of getting down at a hill, or where the road has just been mended with heavy gravel. However, there are nearly always men waiting at the foot of a steep hill where there is much traffic, to push the jinrickshas from behind for a trifle; and a list of legal fares posted in English, for the benefit of foreigners, at a certain place in

Kobe, makes special provision for rough roads in the following quaint terms :

One person, each ri	....	10 sen.
Ragged road	....	12 sen.
Very ragged road	....	15 sen.

A sen is about a farthing, a ri about two-and-a-half miles, so that jinricksha riding is not expensive. And fancy a poor student in Tokyo so anxious to study, that he pulled a jinricksha all the evening and far into the night, so as to earn the small fees necessary to enable him to go to school !

Of course, squabbles do arise between the men and their fares, just as between cabbies and precise old ladies in London. But they are generally most good-hearted and simple men, very grateful if their fare will walk up a hill or add a halfpenny to the wage, very honest in running after him to hand over anything he may have forgetfully left in the jinricksha. If another seems to be gaining on your own puller from behind, he will exert himself to the utmost, and run till he streams with perspiration, rather than let himself be beaten. It is a great object of ambition to be considered the fastest runner in Tokyo. Not

long ago there was a great race between two rivals for the honourable title, through miles of streets, up hills, and over a large turf plain. I suppose the best man won, but alas, he spent the wager in salt fish and saké, in which he indulged not wisely but too well after his tremendous exertions, and was dead before morning.

And now we must leave the quaint romantic man-horse-carriage, and tell how it, in its *Railways*, turn, is being driven out of the field by the railway. The first line was twenty miles long, between Tokyo and Yokohama. When it was first built foreign engineers and navvies had to be imported, and the plant brought in from England. It cost an enormous sum ; but in a year it had paid for itself through the enormous number of people who took tickets to see what it was like. And now a great railway, nearly 900 miles long, passes along the coast from end to end of the main island, and off-shoots from it are being constructed in all directions. No foreign engineers are needed now, for the Japanese are as good as any to be found in the world. They cannot make their own rails, for there is hardly any iron in Japan, but they

are building their own engines. One railway which ascends a steep pass in the centre of the island, is regarded as a marvel of constructive skill.

Mountains have to be crossed in every country; but there are few countries in which the engineers have to face such formidable difficulties as the floods which are so prevalent in Japan.

*Floods.* The water pours down from the mountains, carrying with it sand and shingle, so that the rivers are all very shallow. It takes little to raise the level of the water above that of the surrounding ricefields; then some sluice gate or dyke will give way and the valley becomes a sea. We shall never forget one experience of ours: how we had to leave the train and walk to a point where two boats were in readiness to take nearly a hundred passengers over a mile of flood. Despairing of ever getting our turn, we tramped through pouring rain, and mud almost up to our knees, to the railway, which we followed until it vanished into an ocean, above the surface of which rose the tops of some poor drowned pear trees, with here and there the roof of a summer house. From this point we walked along a dyke until

we found another boat which took us to a spot where we had been assured we should find a train to take us on to Tokyo. Alas, there were nine feet of water over the metals just beyond, and we had finally to spend the night in an inn, the water rising higher and higher, and with it the goods and chattels of the proprietor and what little there was left to eat, all of which had to be carried upstairs; and next day to take boat and train back again to Kobe, whence we made a new start by steamer.

The novelty of the train in Japan has passed away by this time. People do not travel now for the fun of the thing, nor do they leave their wooden shoes on the platform. You know that when you enter a house in Japan you slip off your shoes and leave them at the door. So as the trains rolled out of the stations in old days, there was left behind on the edge of the platform a long line of wooden shoes, which the passengers had left there, forgetting that when they stepped out of this little wooden house on wheels, they would not find that the station platform had been taken in tow.

One more little thing. A Kobe lady dropped a diamond ring down the space in the door

left for the window to fall into. She communicated with the station-master at the end of her journey, who had the door taken off and turned upside down, restored the ring to the lady, and refused to take a cent for his pains.

## CHAPTER XIV.

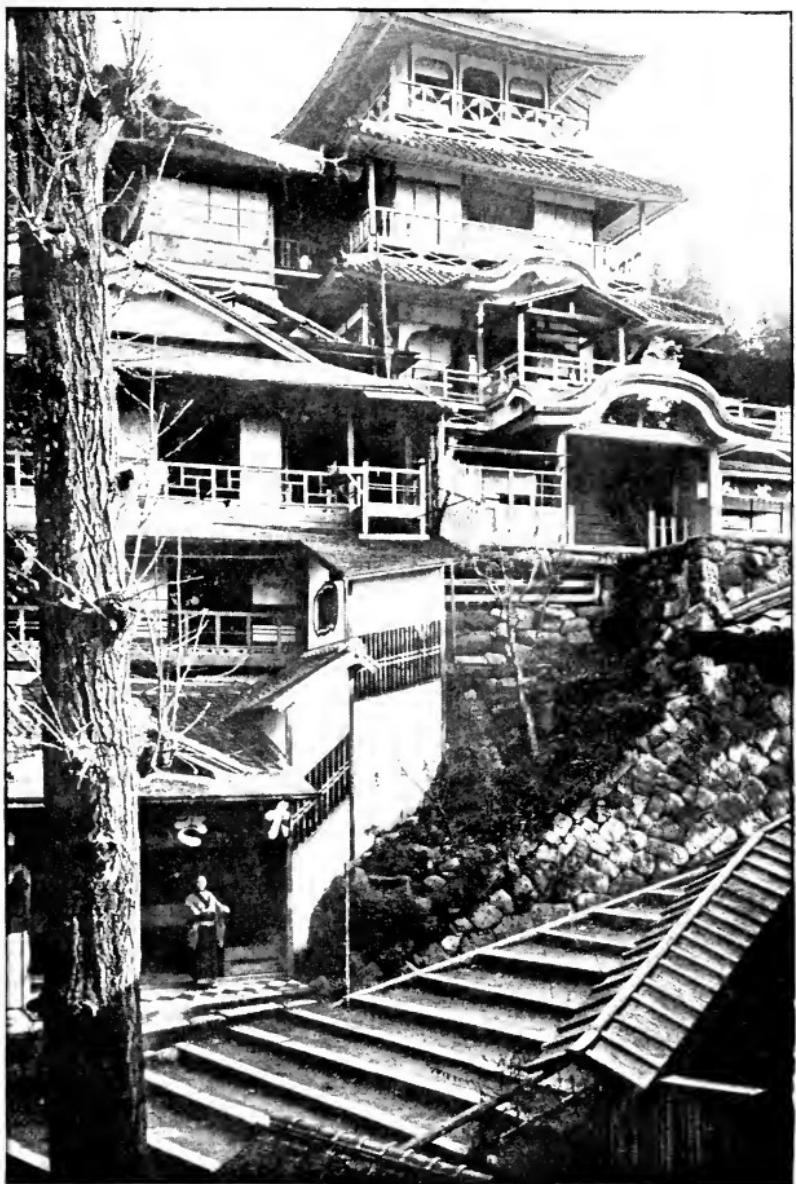
### AN INN.

THE Japanese are a great people for travelling and for sight-seeing, so that you can hardly go to a village anywhere, even



A COUNTRY INN.

among the mountains, without finding a decent place where you can stay the night. Of course the inns vary exceedingly in size and comfort, from the great hotel in "foreign style" at one of the treaty ports or the capital, where you can get as complete a dinner as



AN INN IN KYOTO



at a London restaurant, and almost (I dare not say quite) as good, down to the little saké shop in the country village, where the best room is probably occupied by other things during the day, but can be put at the disposal of an occasional visitor during the night.

There is nothing that suggests an English public-house about a Japanese inn. The profits are derived from what is eaten much more than from what is drunk. There is no gaudy advertisement of beers and spirits to attract the wayfarer who has no thought of imagining he is thirsty. I will not deny that when a train has come in the passengers as they leave the station are well nigh deafened by the shrill cries of “Irasshaimashi” (“Pray come in”) from the landladies and waiting-girls from the row of inns always to be found on the side of the road opposite the station; but that is because they want them to pay for their sleeping accommodation, not because they hope they want a drink.

We will accept the invitation of this buxom little party standing at the door, with a plump and rosy-faced maid on either side of her, who all three bow themselves almost to the ground

as the traveller approaches with the evident intention of asking for a room.

Passing through the outer door you find yourself in a passage with tatamied floors on either side of you. You sit down and up runs the girl (called Né-san—"elder sister") to help you to take off your boots, and provide you with straw sandals, for the same rule applies to inns as to private houses.

In a small inn the mats may be brown with age, but there is not a spot of dirt or dust upon them. Looking up as you give your boots to Né-san, you see on the other side of the passage the living room of the people of the house, with a little low desk at which the master sits on the floor making up his accounts, over his head possibly a shelf or two with some odd bottles of beer or effervescent waters, in case any one should happen to call for such things, and above that, the "kamidana," the shelf on which are placed the memorials of his ancestors, with a wick floating in oil at either end, which is lighted at sundown. If you should pass down this passage you will come to the kitchen, and beyond that the bathroom.

But you are tired after your journey and



"PRAY COME IN"



turn to go upstairs. Mind your head, both on the stairs and everywhere, for you are probably much taller than the native guests for whom the house was planned. The staircase is little more than a ladder, and creaks suggestively. At the top is a passage, with a polished wooden floor, down which you walk, your sandals sloppetting at each step, until Né-san slides back a fusuma and precedes you into the room. She goes straight to the hibachi in the middle of the floor, brightens it up by adding to it the charcoal she has remembered to bring on a tiny shovel, and puts the kettle on ; looks to see if there is any tea in the teapot, which, with five handleless cups, is on a tray by its side, and vanishes, to reappear presently with a kimono of thin cotton stuff for you to put on instead of your own garments, which felt so uncomfortable when you got out of the train. You make your tea, and Né-san soon tells you the bath is hot: will master go ?

By all means go. None of your tin saucers or hip baths put down in the middle of a rug, as a sort of unwritten warning that *The bath.* you must not splash, however eagerly your shoulders may be thirsting for their share of water; but a great tub, oblong

or square, perhaps six feet by four, and three feet deep, with a fire underneath it, so that you can sit and simmer in hot water up to your neck. The floor is of stone, and you can splash as much as you please. It is well to get to an hotel as early as possible, for all the guests go into the same water, one after another; so that by the time Né-san's turn comes at twelve o'clock, the bath is pretty brown. Of course no soap may be used: and the towel is a thin strip of stuff about a yard long, used, not to dry yourself with, but to serve as a sponge. Topsy-turvey as usual.

Then you will like to go out and "see the toon," or enjoy a smoke on the verandah—every upstairs room in Japan has a verandah—until your food comes. Japanese food is described in another chapter. Here we will only mention an incident which usually occurs during the course of supper at an inn. The landlord comes up and asks you your name and address, where you came from, where you are going to, and how old you are, for entry *Registration* in the book which he must send *of* every day to the local police office. *Guests.* My stay in an inn once cost the poor messenger a ten mile walk, but it could not be

helped. A foreigner must also allow his passport to be copied into the book. One poor man, I am sorry to say, regrets to this day that out of the kindness of his heart he received into his house, the inns being closed, a foreigner, who reached his town at twelve o'clock at night. His house was a fried pork shop, of all places in the world, and this reception of a foreigner being the first event of the kind in his experience, he neglected to copy the passport ; he was summoned and heavily fined—one shilling. It is well to be sure of one's age when travelling. The writer once gave his years correctly as "thirty," which was received by the landlord with some apparent incredulity. "And the other gentleman?" My companion a little hesitated, while I suggested "Fifty." We all three laughed politely, till my friend modestly intimated his true age ; upon which mine host evidently thinking my "thirty" was the first round number which had come into my head, turned again and asked, "And now, sir, how old are you *really*?"

When it grows dark Né-san will light a hanging lamp of paraffin, or in a poorer inn stand one on the floor—most trying to the eyes,

and most annoying to try and read by. So you will be glad when it is time to retire. No, you don't take your candle and go upstairs, to find a white bed and bedstead, a toilet-table and looking-glass: you call Né-san, and say, "Please pull out my bed things," and she slides back a door of thick paper, disclosing a cupboard piled full of futons.

Futons are like very thick quilts, padded with cotton wool; and Né-san will pull out a few of these, and lay them on the *Futons.* floor, one on top of the other; one or two more are placed by the side, and turned down at the head end to go over you, a pillow appears from somewhere, and with a cheerful "Please rest well," the little woman disappears.

Then your turn comes.

It is fatal to interrupt her in her work, and suggest that a yard of leg will be exposed to the night air unless special arrangements are made out of consideration for your Western tallness. She would be willing enough, oh, yes! But by the time her ingenuity in devising ways and means was exhausted, you would be ready to sleep on the back of a chair, if you had one. No, let her do what she thinks best—say it's first-rate—and then,

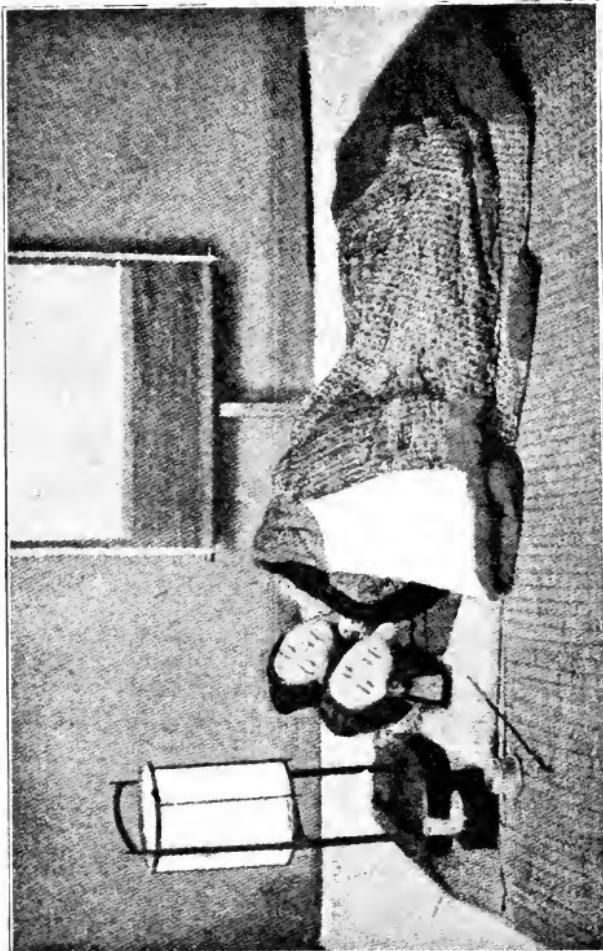
when no eye is upon you except that of the stork painted on the shutters, rearrange your materials according to your own ideas.

I have never yet heard of a foreigner who could use a Japanese pillow. Ladies only

have their hair done about twice a <sup>A</sup> week, and if they were to lay their *pillow*.

heads on a pillow like those we use, the disarrangement would be terrible to contemplate next morning. So the true Japanese pillow is made of wood, about two-and-a-half inches thick, six inches high, square at the top and bottom, but delicately curved in at the middle. On the top is fastened some sort of padding, which just fits into the temple of the sleeper's head, leaving the crown projected into space. It is advisable to remove this aggravatingly hard and ill-balanced object, and substitute for it a rolled-up futon, and to get a few more out of the cupboard to lengthen those which serve as under-mattress and coverlet. And so you lie down; but not, in winter, at once to sleep, unless you have a thick flannel dressing-gown or woollen rug. For these futons, thick as they are, form the most unsympathetic bed-clothes imaginable. They don't fit close to

you, and they take such a woefully long time to get warm. But you are not in darkness if



ANDONS AND FUTONS.

you lie awake. Few Japanese go to bed in the dark, owing, some say, to their fear of earthquakes. A curious paper construction called an "andon" is produced, a wick is placed

in the saucer full of rape seed oil which it contains, and you have a gentle steady light which will burn till morning, giving you sufficient illumination to study the hanging roll-up pictures, which adorn, at least, one of the walls.

"This is like fairyland, isn't it?" I once asked of my companion in such circumstances.

"More like North Pole land!" was the answer. But by morning you are warm enough.

Before the Né-sans retire for the night a tremendous din may always be heard. They are pushing the wooden outside shutters into their places along the outer edge of the verandah. A Japanese house at night is indeed "shut up;" there is not a window to be seen anywhere. For burglars are very expert, and can climb up on to any verandah; so these shutters are provided, fitting closely into grooves, top and bottom, and securely fastened when all are in their place. It is vain to protest, even in the middle of summer; neither landlord nor guests could sleep in peace if a single aperture was left open for air.

The Japanese are an early rising people, and at whatever hour you choose to get up, you will always find breakfast ready. The Né-sans wake you with the clatter of moving

shutters back again, and you go to brush your teeth—cold baths are almost unknown in the country. The inn provides tooth-brushes of willow wood frayed at the ends, and coarse salt into which you may dip it by way of tooth-powder, throwing it away when you have done.

The Japanese for tooth-brush is “onna no yō-ji” (“woman’s willow thing”), for in old days the sterner sex did not condescend to such trivialities.

And so you are ready for your day’s sightseeing or business; the jinricksha man is at the door, Né-san smilingly brings you your boots, and it only remains to pay the bill. Ninepence was the usual charge at a good hotel for supper, bed, and breakfast; but recently innkeepers have formed a union, every member of which posts the same list of prices on the wall, the first words being “Foreigners—one shilling.” We do give them more trouble than their own people, and anyhow it is cheap enough. You do not “tip” the Né-san or the cook, but you add some small sum, called “chadai,” to the amount of your bill, to pay for the tea which you have drunk.

## CHAPTER XV.

### FLOWERS.

JAPAN is a land of lovely flowers. There seems almost to be a special flower for each month in the year.

In January we have the Willow.

In February the small Narcissus buds out.

In March there is the Plum.

In April, the Cherry and Camellias.

In May, the Wisteria and Azaleas.

In June, the Peony.

In July, the Iris.

In August, the Lily and Hydrangea.

In September, the Lotus.

In October, the Maple.

In November, the Chrysanthemum.

In December, the Nanten.

The *Plum* and *Cherry* are cultivated in Japan for their flowers only, while in England *Plum* and *cherry* they are regarded as important members of the fruit orchard. The blossoms sometimes measure four inches

in diameter, and there are two kinds, the single and the double. It is, indeed, like a visit to fairyland to tread where cherry blossoms are specially cultivated, the delicate scent adding to the pleasurable experience of the sight of the pink and rose-tinted clusters, and the ground you walk on is often thickly carpeted with fallen petals.

Plum signifies “good luck.”

*Wisteria* reaches its perfect state in Japan. Clusters of both white and mauve grow to the length of four feet and more. There *Wisteria*. is a show-place in Tokyo—Kameido —where the wisteria is trained over bamboo arbours, and the clusters hang gracefully from the trellis-work.

Many beautiful kinds of *Azaleas* grow wild on the hillsides: magenta, white, lemon, and scarlet. Of course where the bushes *Azalea*. are cultivated the size and colours of the flowers are more perfect. A Japanese lover of flowers delights to have several different coloured species planted *en masse* by the side of a small artificial pond, and then, when the blossoming time comes round, he is made happy by a gorgeous display of colour.

The Japanese *Iris* has many names, and there are many varieties; at a place called *Iris.* Hori Kiri, not far from the capital, there are not less than one hundred different kinds to be seen in splendid profusion.

The beautiful white *Lily* with golden spots, and exquisite scent, grows wild

*Lily.* among the bamboo grass, but children do not pick the flowers, as I expect our English children would, and carry the posy home to parents or friends, for they do not care about the flowers, and only value the lily for its edible bulb. But you will have read about cooked lily-bulb in the chapter on Food.

The *Lotus* is the sacred flower of Japan. It is displayed in most Buddhist emblems,

*Lotus.* and is supposed to resemble Shaka (one of the names of Buddha), who was born into this corrupt world, and kept himself so good and pure; for the lotus is a most fair and pure flower, and yet it springs out of the mud at the bottom of stagnant ponds.



WISTERIA.

I said it was like being in fairyland to visit a show place for cherry-trees, when they are *Maple.* in blossom ; it is the same fairyland, but more gorgeous, to visit a *Maple* glen when the leaves are wearing their autumn dress of brilliant gold and flaming crimson. You will think it strange, but when a Japanese visits a flower-show he leaves behind him, tied on to the trees, a little bit of paper with a specially written poem in praise of the flower inscribed on it. And so try to picture a maple glen, with hundreds of crimson-leaved trees, and the strange addition of bits of white paper.

You know the national flower of Japan is the *Chrysanthemum*, and it was introduced into

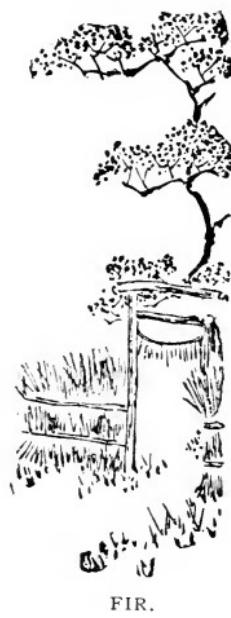
*Chrysanthemum.* England about one hundred and ten years ago. It is very highly cultivated indeed, for the plain daisy is the real true chrysanthemum ; so the chrysanthemum we know is a real triumph of floriculture. The sixteen-petalled chrysanthemum, the “Kiku,” is the imperial badge of Japan. The flower, in November, is largely used at fairs and shows, for clothing figures representing heroes, and even whole scenes of a chapter of the history of old Japan are depicted on the stage, made of chrysanthemum flowers alone.

*Nanten* is a shrub bearing very pretty red berries, closely resembling our holly berries, and as it bears them about Christmas-tide, the berries find a welcome place in Christmas decorations.

It would be almost impossible to tell you about all the flowers in Japan, but I must not omit two trees, the bamboo and fir.

You have seen plenty of *Bamboo* sticks in England. The plant grows to a great height and circumference. The water supply of Tokyo was once conducted through bamboo pipes, and it is often used in the country districts for water-shoots. The short, small bamboo plant is graceful and feathery, and small plantations of it are a pretty sight; for the faintest breath of wind sends a wavy sheen through it, and reveals the silvery underside of the leaves. The large, full-grown trees form well-nigh impenetrable forests. Bamboo is emblematic of longevity.

The *Fir* tree is perhaps Japan's glory in tree culture. The extraordinary skill with



FIR.

which the tree is dwarfed and trained is the admiration of all visitors to Japan.

*Fir.* The dark blue green of the pine, with its often distorted shape and long wandering branches, is fixed in the mind of most travellers in the country. I think you have often seen the tree represented in Japanese art.

The fir has the emblematic significance of *happiness*, and branches of it find a place in all festive decorations.

## C H A P T E R   X V I .

### BOATS AND SHIPS.

BEFORE your ship has well dropped anchor in Yokohama harbour, she is surrounded by all sorts of craft. First, the launches from the hotels come puffing and bustling to the foot of the gangway, each with the smart agent standing in the bow, his hand full of cards, setting forth the advantages of his establishment. Then come the native craft, flat-bottomed, awkward-looking vessels, with a crew of three or four men, short, and yet very muscular, with "kimonos" barely reaching to the knee, and closely cropped hair; and as you look round you see the harbour crowded with all sorts of ships, flying the flag of almost every nation, from the native trading junk to the 6,000-ton liner of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company, or the Nippon Yusen Kaisha (Japan Mail Steamship Company), a white gunboat or two, and a few men-of-war, probably English or Russian.

*In  
harbour  
waters.*

The “hashiké,” or short-distance passenger boat, has a flat bottom and a long, pointed bow, with no cutwater, but sloping *Hashiké.* up very gradually from the level of the keel to a nose two feet or more above the level of the bulwarks. She is propelled by one or more oars, from the stern, which is square, and the rowers do not sit, but stand. For the oar is quite different

*Oars.* from ours: it is bent at a curious angle, the inship end turning down toward the bottom of the boat. From a point just below the bend, a button projects, which works into a hole in the stern bulwark; when the oar is in use, a loop of rope fastened to the deck or bulwark is hitched over a peg projecting from the handle about eighteen inches from the end, to help to keep it from slipping. The blade of the oar (which is straight, not hollow), when the loom is in a line with the bow post, is flat to the water. When the rower begins to work the oar, with his right hand grasping the peg, his left the end of the handle, he raises the loom so that the blade, still flat, goes under the water. He then throws himself back, with his weight on the oar, and at the end of the stroke, making a sharp turn from the wrists,

he moves his left foot a pace forward, forcing the blade through the water in a long sweep underneath the surface, then throws back again, and so on. Thus the blade of the oar is kept continuously under the water; the power is applied not only in pulling, but also in pushing—there is no waste of time and strength over the “going forward,” as in our system of rowing, and no catching the water through bad feathering. The principle is exactly that of a fish’s tail, which our fore-fathers left it to the peoples of the Far East to observe and copy.

A larger boat, with oars worked from the side bulwarks, as well as the stern, on the same

lines as the hashiké, but with a mast <sup>A</sup>  
*fishing junk.* and sail, and even a deck under which you can sit, in rainy or sunny weather, on the bottom of the boat, is used by fishermen for the conveyance of passengers and goods across narrow straits and arms of the sea. The Japanese are splendid boatmen, hardy and resourceful. Of course they are at “loggerheads” with our sea-faring men as to the best ways of doing things. The sails are made of strips of canvas, sewn together vertically instead of horizontally; and when

a boat is to be brought to land, she is turned suddenly round when a few yards from the shore, out jump the men, and haul her up stern foremost on to the beach, so that she lies high and dry with her prow, not her stern, to the water.

The trading junk has a magnificent snout rising high above the water, a single mast supporting one high sail, and a great *Junk.* amount of ornament about the stern. Very heavy and awkward craft they are; but their place is rapidly being taken by small steamers, which ply in great numbers from port to port along the coast. But when one considers that less than fifty years ago these were the only vessels, for war or for commerce, which the Japanese possessed, one can hardly help asking by what steps the change was brought about which has resulted in Japan now owning one of the largest steamship lines, one of the best navies, and certainly some of the most powerful battleships (though we may proudly remember they were built in England), in the world?

In the chapter on History, you read that for two hundred and fifty years no Japanese was allowed to leave the country. This meant

that the trifling amount of trade previously carried on in Japanese vessels with China and Corea was knocked on the head ; indeed, one of the early regulations of the Tokugawa Government forbade any ship to have more than one mast, or to exceed five hundred "koku," *i.e.*, seventy-six tons burden. But when Commodore Perry and his men-of-war arrived, the Japanese determined to find out the secrets of Western maritime success. The Government bought one or two old steamers for use as transports in a small punitive expedition against the rough barbarians of Formosa, who had murdered the crew of fifty-five men of a wrecked Japanese vessel. A proposal was made to make these old steamers the nucleus of a national

*First fleet.* mercantile fleet, but it fell through, and the vessels were sold to a Mr.

Iwasaki, a merchant of great wealth and of wonderful ability, whose family name is now as famous among his fellow-countrymen as that of Rothschild in Europe. He traded under the title of "The Mitsu Bishi Company." On his death the Government consented to subsidise a national line of steamers, called "The Kiodo Unyu Company," in the hope of relieving the small traders, who complained that the

Mitsu Bishi was abusing its monopoly by charging excessive rates. The end of it all was, that these two companies united *The mail steamers.* into the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, commonly known as N.Y.K. (Japan Mail Steamship Company), and speedily developed into the prosperous concern it is at present. Their ships number little less than one hundred, including ten or twelve of over 6,000 tons ; they have lines to America, to Australia, to China ports, and the Philippines, to Vladivostock, to Bombay, and to Europe ; and the Government subsidy, combined with the low rates of wages paid to their seamen, enables them to do business at marvellously low rates. Besides this great line, there are several smaller companies whose steamers ply along the coast, and sometimes steam as far as the China ports, such as the Osaka Mercantile Shipping Company, numbering some eighty steamers, many of them built in Japan.

The navy has advanced by equally wonderful strides. An armoured vessel was purchased in 1864, and was the first of twenty-nine *The navy.* which the Japanese possessed at the outbreak of the war with China. Another was lost, with all hands, on her way out from

France, where she had been built, and a similar misfortune befel another gunboat, which had journeyed safely from Europe to the Inland Sea of Japan, when she was run down by an English steamer.

The original gunboat is now used as an object-lesson at the naval school at Yokosuka, not far from Yokohama, where the chief arsenals. arsenal has been established. There

is another arsenal at Kurè, on the Inland Sea, near Hiroshima, and if you look at the map you will see that no better place could be imagined. No foreign ship could possibly pass through the narrow straits against the will of the Japanese, for they can be absolutely blocked by torpedoes and batteries in case of need. These arsenals are furnished with every necessary appliance for the construction of men-of-war, and two or three ships have already been launched, as well as numerous torpedo boats. Why was

*The recent war.* Japan victorious in the Chino-Japan

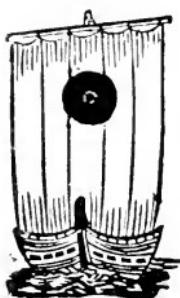
war? The whole issue lay in the naval battle off the Yaloo river. Had the Japanese been defeated, the Chinese would have cut off supplies from the Japanese soldiers in Corea, and harried them in time to death or surrender;

as it was, the seas were left clear for the Japanese to land as many troops as they wished, to carry on the war in the enemy's country. The number so transported was *eighty thousand*, a marvellous achievement. But why did they win the battle of the Yaloo?

*Why Japan  
was  
victorious.* First, because everything in their fleet was good. None can tell how much of the money intended for expenditure on the Chinese navy stuck in the pockets of the mandarins, but the Chinese soon discovered that shells filled with sand, full of cracks smeared with mud and blackleaded outside, were not so useful in actual warfare as the genuine article. Secondly, because these good materials were well used. On the Japanese ships everything was in its place, and every man knew his duty; there was perfect order and discipline, while the captured Chinese guns were found to be in such a neglected state that they took a whole fortnight to clean. Thirdly, because the Japanese are a nation of fighting men, of sailors, of handicraftsmen. Read their history and you will see how their constant civil wars made the idea of fig' ting familiar to every Japanese before he left his mother's arms. Look at the

map and see what an enormous coast line, surrounded by shoals, and rocks, and dangers of every description. Look at their buildings, their carving, their works of art. Do they not know how to use their hands? The same fingers that are schooled to that complicated system of writing, that produce monkeys carved in ivory with every curve of the back true to nature, can manipulate machinery, or sight a gun. The engines of the small coasting steamers work like clock-work, smoothly and easily; a Hotchkiss gun is as a delightful toy to a Japanese seaman, whose very instinct tells him how to use it. Fourthly, because these born fighting men, these born seamen, have the spirit of discipline bred in them. Those five Confucian duties of obedience have not failed to bear their fruit. We read of a Chinese officer gambling with the sentry supposed to be on duty, of the general running away before the engagement began, and leaving his tent packed with the various luxuries which his love of pleasure made so necessary, that he could not do without them even when on active service. On the other side the officers knew what orders to give, and they knew, too, that their men would carry them out. Many

incidents could be quoted to show that it is certain that Japan can now control the result of any war in the Far East. The defeat of China gave her twelve ships which did not cost her a cent, including two ironclads. With the indemnity which her vanquished enemy had to pay, she has bought new ships in England, Germany, and America, two of which, the *Fuji* and the *Shikishima*, are perhaps the finest in the world; and from her own dockyards she is turning out ships and engines of war, equal in quality to any afloat, and at a much lower cost. In fifty years' time the navy of Japan may be as good as ours is now.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### HOT SPRINGS.

IN a land where there are volcanoes there are hot springs usually to be found, and there are at least three volcanoes in Japan.

*Volcanoes.* Indeed, the great Fuji San himself is an extinct volcano, as you can easily see by the great masses of lava with which his flanks are covered. The name Fuji is probably a corruption of Huji, the word for "fire" used by the original Ainu inhabitants of the country, who have long ago been forced to retire to the northern island from before the Japanese. Bandai San, about 150 miles north of Tokyo, was supposed to be extinct till 1889, when a fearful eruption buried the surrounding country deep under boiling mud. In the centre of the main island is Asama Yama, and in the

*Asama Yama.* south island Aso San, both active volcanoes. Asama is quite easy of ascent, and when on the summit you can look down from the edge of the crater

upon the white-hot mass, boiling and roaring far below. A friend of mine threw in a huge lump of lava, with the result that the great cauldron heaved and swelled in indignation till he thought there was going to be a special performance for his benefit, ending in the grateful spectator being either choked or burnt, or both ; but fortunately Asama swallowed the affront, though my friend said he had “ never seen anything so Satanic in his life.”

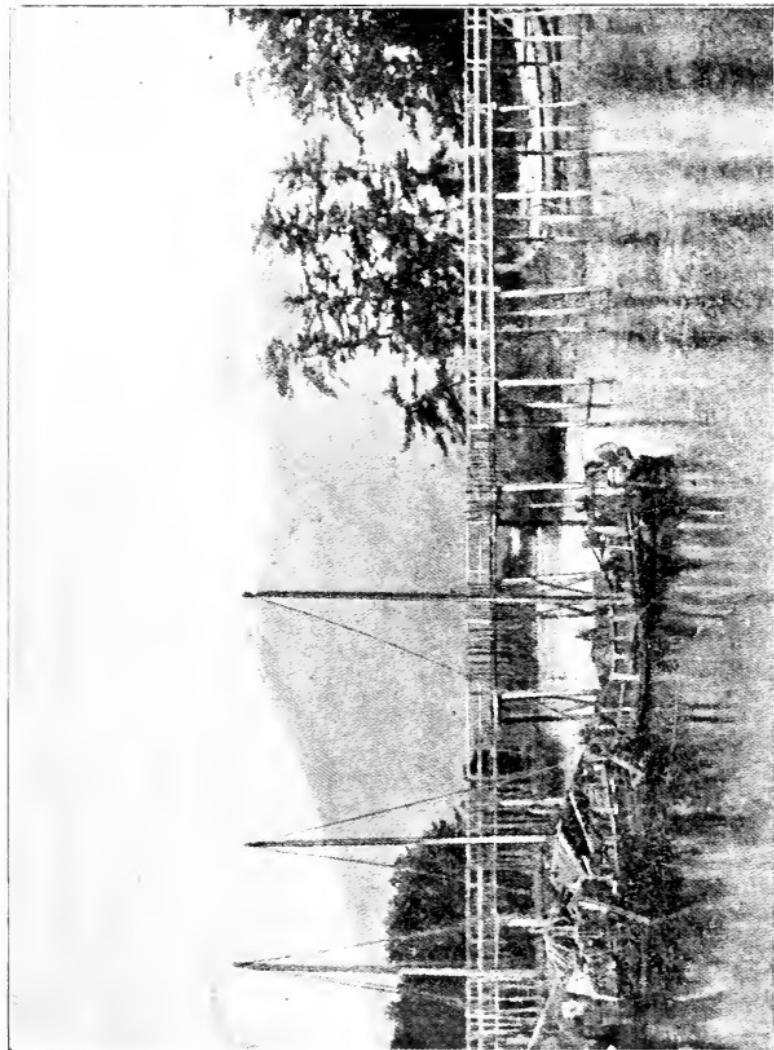
Mineral springs, hot or cold, are met with in a large number of places, and a cluster of

*Mineral waters.* tea-houses and hotels is sure to spring up in the vicinity. Two of

the cold springs are well known in England and America ; the water is bottled after being charged with gas to give it effervescent qualities, and shipped all over the world. The proprietor of a cold spring usually establishes apparatus for supplying hot baths ; for, as you know, the Japanese loveth not the cold tub.

In every Japanese street you will find a bath-house. I have told you about the *A bath-house.* baths you may enjoy in an inn ; the bath-house is on the same principle —a huge tank at the far end of the room, with

a fire underneath it, and a pipe allowing a continuous flow of clean water into it. A



MOUNT FUJI.

man sits at the door to take the money, which is less than a halfpenny ; the men's side is on

the right, the women's on the left, and each wall is covered with pigeon-holes for the reception of the bathers' clothes.

I read in a newspaper how one evening, when a bath-house was crowded, an official-looking person entered, shut and secured the door, and announced that he was a bailiff, who had come to distrain for rent due from the proprietor. You may imagine the indignation of the bathers when he declared that he had the right, unless the money was paid, to seize and sell, not only the furniture of the place, but all the clothes in the pigeon-holes! Another time a thief entered, and slipped off with some one's clothes. Out the bathers all rushed, just as they were, and after a long and exciting chase succeeded in securing the offender.

In these bath-houses it is ordinary water, artificially heated, that is used. But the Japanese much more appreciate mineral baths, naturally hot; especially in the summer time, for the high elevation of the springs secures coolness, and freedom from mosquitoes. Sulphur and chalybeate springs are the most common; the former being considered good for skin affections, which unfortunately abound in Japan.



AINU FAMILY.



On a hill near Yokohama is a famous watering-place called Miyanoshita, just beyond which are the baths of Ashi-no-yu.  
*Sulphur springs.* The smell of sulphur there is so strong as to be quite unpleasant—like rotten eggs. Further on is one of the several spots in Japan called “Jigoku,” or “hells.” The ground is hot and soft, and cracked in all directions; from these fissures come forth noisome odours, which turn black anything of silver you may have about you, and if you stir the ground with your foot, fumes of sulphur rise. It is quite unsafe to walk there, unless you are shown precisely where to place your foot. Another famous spring, close to the sea-shore below Yokosuka, is that of Atami. The hotel is built round a geyser, which for two hours at a time throws hot water into the air to a height of twenty feet, and then quietly settles down again for the space of two hours, after which it begins its intermittent spouting again.

More inaccessible are the baths of Ikao, and Kusatsu, of Suwa, and of Matsumoto; indeed, were I to try and catalogue all the mineral springs to be found in mountain valleys, known only perhaps to the inhabitants of the immediate

neighbourhood, I should never come to an end. Perhaps those of Kusatsu are the most famous. The German Professor of Medicine, in the Tokyo University, expects that, before long, invalids from Europe will be sent there, instead of to Bath, Homburg, Baden, or any of our health resorts. The water is exceedingly hot; even the people of the country, accustomed as they are to boil themselves daily in water, at a temperature which you and I would regard as impossible, have to be drilled to encourage them to get in. The gang of invalids stands round the tank, and the conductor begins a song. At a given point they all, together, move one step nearer the edge, then one more, and then with the last note of the verse, all jump in. The conductor starts another tune, and they listen with straining ears as the rhythm proceeds, until the dropping of the voice gives them the glad signal to hop out again.

It is well that Japan is so plentifully provided with sulphur springs, for skin diseases of various kinds are very prevalent; the terrible disease of leprosy is not infrequently met with, chiefly among the lowest and dirtiest classes. The sufferers make their sad state an excuse for soliciting alms from the passers-by. The laws

dealing with leprosy of which we read in the Bible are strict indeed; but if you saw a bad case you would know why. Nothing could be too strict which could preserve poor human beings from such an awful condition.

After all I have said of sulphur, you will see why Japan is able to produce such enormous quantities of matches. Her forests are almost inexhaustible; and at the very foot of the mountains from which the matchwood is cut, the sulphur for the tips can easily be obtained. And so all down the China coast, in the Straits Settlements, in India and Australia, Japanese matches are driving all others out of the market; they have even been sent to England, where the cost of labour, as compared with the same in Japan, is so great, that even when the heavy freight for the long sea voyage has been paid, they can be sold more cheaply than our home-made matches.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### RELIGIONS IN JAPAN.

You will hardly expect me to give you in a few short pages a full account of Japanese religions. Among people of different classes, and in different parts of the country, the religions vary. There are sects full many among the great religious bodies, and you would not wish me to discuss the points of issue between them; and, further, the people themselves have the very haziest notions of what they are supposed to believe. It must be added that, as knowledge extends, religious belief dies out. The Japanese have never been a particularly religious people, and what faith they had will not stand the light of scientific examination, so that it is the rarest thing to see an educated man visiting a temple for purposes of worship.

Most people will tell you that Buddhism is the religion of Japan. But Buddhism was somewhat unwillingly forced upon the people in the ninth century as a political measure;

it has never found full acceptance. A lady teacher in a girls' school told me *Buddhism*, that during the war she had said something about Buddhism. "Oh, Buddhism," cried the girls, "that comes from China; we hate that." Buddhism is not a religion, but a system of moral teaching, the principle of which is that happiness can only be found in peace of the soul, and peace of the soul can only be secured by getting rid of desire. For this end a "nine-fold-way" is prescribed, consisting of various methods of self-mortification.

But as to the existence of God, Gautama, the founder of Buddhism (who lived in India about 450 years b.c.), declared that he knew nothing, and nothing could be known. Yet there is a life beyond this present life, for every soul passes through a variety of births and re-births, so that if one spends a good life one will be born again in a better kind of life; if a bad life, the new birth will be into the condition of the lower animals. The end and aim of the whole system is the cessation of individual existence (Nirvana).

Existence itself was an evil in Gautama's eyes, in India. I gather that this view is

practically ignored in the Buddhism of buoyant, light-hearted Japan. Yet a system of hells is taught, one hundred and sixty-eight in number;



A FIGURE OF BUDDHA.

and one often sees pictures in the temples of poor wretches enduring most frightful tortures in one of these.

The word Buddha means "enlightened one."

Gautama was, *par excellence*, “the enlightened one,” but others, by following in his footsteps, may attain to Buddhahood. So there are many saints, if I may call them so, held in honour among Buddhists. Not far from Otsu, on the lake-side, is a temple containing three hundred figures of saints, whose names or history, however, nobody could tell you. Such images are carved, invariably, in one of the five attitudes of meditation, for meditation is in theory the great characteristic of Buddhism—as unsuited to a practical people, like the Japanese, as the doctrine of Nirvāna.

As Buddhism is a religion without a God, it has to satisfy men’s natural instincts of feeling after God by borrowing from the religions of whatever country it enters. This is why Buddhism in Ceylon, in Burma, in China, and in Japan, is so different. In Japan it has thus borrowed from Shintō, the indigenous religion

of the people. Shintō means “the *Shintō* way of the gods;” [Shin=gods, tō=way] of these Shin there are said to be 800,000,000, a number which is used, like our “myriad,” to express a vast sum, and not an exact total. And who are they? Briefly, we may say that they are the old heroes of Japan,

whose example the Japanese of all time are called upon to follow. You have read in a previous chapter of the five Confucian duties, the third being that to parents. During his life the father supports and guards the house, and is reverenced by all its members. Why should he cease to take an interest in it after he is dead? Or why should he not be still reverenced? In fact, he has become a "shin;" he has entered the number of the 800,000,000. Read the emperor's edict, at the end of this book, and see how he appeals to the spirits of his ancestors; remember how, every morning, he commits his country and people into their keeping. This I gather to be the real meaning of Shintō: "Well shall it be with you, if you follow in the way (*tō*) of the great and good men who have gone before you, and now are gods (shin), and protect your country and family. So shall you one day enter their ranks."

At this point Buddhism has come in. All life, it teaches, comes from one Divine source,

*The sign of Buddhism and Shinto.* of which nothing is known, but into which, at last, all life shall be once more absorbed, when it has become perfectly enlightened, and freed from earthly defilements. This is the meaning



BUDDHIST DEVOTIONS.



of attaining to Buddha-hood. Buddhism has identified "becoming a shin" with "becoming a Buddha" and practically given up its abolition of personality, while the 800,000,000 together form the divine element it needed.

The spirit of a dead man becomes "Hotoke." If you ask, "Is Hotoke one or many?" the answer is, "Both one and many." It represents the universal spirit to which all life returns, and yet also the individual person who has so returned. This is what I meant when I said that Buddhism had borrowed from Shintō.

Different parts of the country, and different temples, make much of particular members of this myriad-membered family of gods. Thus,

*Hachiman.* in a great many temples, Hachiman jin is the object of worship, who was one of the first emperors of the land, and a mighty man of war; in others, Nichiren,

*Nichiren.* great reformer of the seventeenth century, and so on. And again, when men in early days saw the gloomy forest, the tremendous precipices, the roaring waterfalls, the towering mountains of the land which they entered, they fancied that each of these great gifts of nature must have a deity residing in it. One could easily be found

among the 800,000,000. He could be the spirit of a hunter, for instance, who was killed in the forest by a bear which turned upon him, or who fell from a cliff. His spirit would be supposed to stay about the place where he met his death.

And then there are the deities who preside over special classes of men: the farmers' god; the inn-keepers', and so on. It is easy to see how some of the myriad of gods could have such duties assigned to them; a prosperous farmer would be told off, after his death, to look after the operations in which he had been successful during his life.

In nearly every house you see a "Kamidana," or shelf for the gods, if not a shrine containing a gilded figure of some Buddhist saint. On the shelf are various religious emblems, especially paper cut in a peculiar way, and tablets, serving as memorials of the departed ancestors of the house. At sundown a light is put at each end of the shelf, and the old man of the house squats before it, claps his hands, and recites his formula of worship. The old man, I say; for the present generation of Japanese does not seem to take any interest in religion. May God grant that the true light of the world may

soon give them the glad enlightenment of Him, Who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life ! You will learn something more of Japanese religions from the chapter on Funeral Rites.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### FUNERAL RITES.

A FUNERAL, in many cases, is the only occasion upon which a Japanese visits a temple. It creates far more stir than a birth or a wedding.

It is prescribed by law that the funeral shall follow within thirty-six hours of death, so a good deal of bustle is inevitable. Word is sent to as many friends as possible, who, in their turn, will send flowers—very different in kind and arrangement to ours, as you will hear. But it will be simplest for me to try and describe a funeral which I happened to witness just before I left the country.

I was passing down the main street of Kobe, when I observed five old gentlemen sitting in chairs placed along one side of the road. You have heard that Japanese never use chairs; but these are special folding thrones of lacquered wood. The old gentlemen had shaven heads, and the most gorgeous raiment



IN FULL DRESS.



you can imagine: silk and brocades, purple, green, yellow—splendid. Along the narrow street, jinrickshas, hand-carts, foot passengers, and hawkers were passing to and fro, raising a considerable amount of dust, and withal it was a dull, windy day; but the five sat there unmoved, *fanning* themselves with red fans. On the other side of the street was the house of the deceased. There, too, were priests moving about; their duty was to read a list of virtues. “So and so,” it is declared, “has done justly, has obeyed his parents, has been a good citizen . . .” etc., etc. It does not matter whether he has performed these virtues or not, the list must be read. Can you understand, from the last chapter, why? Because these are the virtues of the “Shin,” and this person cannot join their ranks unless he has followed their way (*tō*). The reading of the list of virtues is a declaration that he *has* so followed their “*tō*” (way).

From the door of the house, as far as you could see along the road—I have seen a funeral procession which took half an hour to pass one spot—mourners were marshalled in two long lines. The floral offerings, sent by friends, are pyramids of evergreens some eight feet high,

relieved by clusters of red berries, and various coloured flowers, real or artificial. Cabbages, run to seed, are much esteemed for funeral flowers. There were some hundreds of these floral erections, fixed on the top of low bamboo stands, with coolies standing beside them to carry them to the temple grave-yard, wearing peculiar grass hats and white kimonos. White is the colour of mourning in Japan, and mourning dresses are lent out on hire from the undertakers, for as they are only worn on the day of the funeral, it is considered unnecessary to buy one for a few hours' use.

When the function in the house is finished the procession sets out. First walk a couple of coolies carrying paper lanterns on the top of poles, bearing the name and "mon" (armorial bearings) of the deceased. Then two abreast come the bearers of the floral offerings, each showing the name of the donor written on a wooden tablet. These are here and there varied by a wheeled cage, containing birds, which it is an act of kindness to set free. Of course the birds fly back to the undertakers, and are used again for the next funeral; but the will is no doubt as good as the deed. Other coolies will be bearing trays of rice and cakes.

Presently you see the gorgeously arrayed priests, riding in jinrickshas, and at last the coffin appears. It is usually in the shape of a tub, and borne upon a bier, more or less highly ornamented; immediately behind it comes the nearest kinsman, very often a little boy. He, as well as the rest of the mourners, is dressed in white, and, unless the distance to the burying ground is too great, he walks, and carries a kind of cage, which plays a most important part in the ceremony. It is about twelve inches square, composed of a thin framework of bamboo, covered over with gauze. Inside it the spirit of the departed is considered to have taken up his abode for the time being! It made me feel quite creepy the first time I saw this.

Next follows a crowd of mourners, some riding in jinrickshas, some walking, and those at the tail of the procession wearing their ordinary clothes, as their acquaintance with the deceased was not close enough to justify mourning dress. On arriving at the cemetery the priests' chairs are placed in two rows, facing one another, just within the entrance of a kind of mortuary chapel. Wind instruments of music, something like clarionets, but with two pipes, are given them, and they play the most

weird music you can imagine, until the mourners are all in their places. Facing the door, at the further end of the building, is a wooden table, in front of it a small four-legged stand, and in front of this again a brazier for burning incense. The gauze-covered box is placed on the stand, and the chief priest, standing at the table, recites certain formulæ, and then some more formulæ in front of the stand. Lastly he takes a little incense, and clapping his hands throws it on the burning charcoal, afterwards retiring. Each of the other priests then rises and offers incense in turn, and when they have finished the mourners, in order of relationship, do the same, each passing out of the hall immediately. Then the bier is taken to the grave and interred, the mourners at once appearing to forget the object which brought them to the spot. Indeed, throughout the ceremony their behaviour might be described as irreverent. While the priests are performing their part of the function, the mourners are chatting together, sipping tea, smoking, eating the cakes provided for the occasion—anything but what we should call “joining in a service.” I once saw a man, who was smoking a big cigar, called to burn



IN A TEMPLE AT TOKYO.



his incense. He took the cigar from his mouth, held it in the middle of his back with his left hand, and marched boldly across the hall to the gauze box. As he wore white, you may imagine that the brown cigar was pretty conspicuous.

And can you see why incense is offered before the box in which is supposed to be the spirit of the departed? It is because he has become a "shin." His fathers who went before him followed a "tō," or way, and therefore became shin: he has done so likewise (as was declared by the list of virtues read in his house), and has now joined their ranks. But, as I said, 800,000,000 is simply a very large round number, so that it does not increase, from generation to generation.

Such is the procedure at the funeral of a fairly well-to-do man. Of course a poor man who cannot pay the fees for several priests, has to be content with one; and if the remains are to be cremated, either in accordance with the wish of relatives, or through death being the result of infectious disease, the ceremonial is somewhat different. But the above account is fairly typical of a Japanese funeral.

The cemeteries are usually on the sides of

hills, or if there are no hills in the neighbourhood, in bamboo groves. The tombstones do not display the virtues of the deceased in the foolish manner of some of our English epitaphs: they simply give the name of the person buried beneath, and the date of death. Some graves are marked by stone lanterns, in which a light is placed as often as possible: if at no other time, at least on the evening of the “bon” festival in November, when a cemetery is dotted all over with lights. Others have a lofty stone, inscribed with words of wisdom of the ancients; but these are few, the vast majority having but a rounded or squared tablet. Here and there you will see a long, thin strip of wood, its edges cut like the edge of a saw, planted on its end by a grave. It is inscribed with curious letters, supposed to be Sanscrit. Whether it is or no, no one is a bit the wiser: I never met a Japanese who professed to understand the language.

Peaceful resting-places these cemeteries are. You come upon them unexpectedly in the middle of a grove of trees, as you are taking a walk—the two rows of stones, shaded by the trees, the trim path between them, and perhaps a dutiful daughter stooping beside a

grave to renew a bunch of “sakaki”—a sort of dwarf laurel, only used for the decoration of tombs—placed in the bamboo vases before it, or to clear away the remains of the incense sticks which she left burning at her last visit.

But not yet can the Japanese commit the bodies of their dear ones to the earth, “in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection, through our LORD JESUS CHRIST.”

## CHAPTER XX.

### DRESS.

THE chief article of dress, both for men and women, is the “kimono,” a loose, flowing garment reaching to the feet, folded left over right, and secured to the body by the sash. The sleeves are long and wide, sewn up at the bottoms, forming capacious pockets. “Wetting the sleeves” is an expression equivalent to “being in great sorrow,” for girls use this lower part of their sleeves to wipe their eyes. Round the waist is

*Obi.* wound the “obi” or sash, which in the case of a man is narrow, and folded negligently. From it is hung his pipe, tobacco pouch, and knife, while his purse and watch are concealed in one of its folds.

A woman’s obi is quite another thing. It is wide, and carefully folded, passing three times round the body and twisted and padded upon itself in an enormous roll at the back. In the case of young girls the obi is, on special dress

occasions, screwed into a graceful erection called the butterfly bow. It is a most costly article, and cannot be dispensed with. My house-servant, who with her husband earned \$17 a month, spent \$16 on a single obi for her daughter's wear at the New Year festivities. A girl is expected to have a new one every year. She perhaps only displays it a few times, and then it is carefully folded up and put away with others, to form part of her "trousseau" when she is married. The obi is almost always of rich silk, and costs more money than all the other articles of dress put together. It is made of two colours of silk sewn together, and in the large roll at the back both colours are well seen; and a good obi is always reversible.

Over the kimono and obi a "haori" may be worn; it is similar in shape to the kimono, *Haori.* but instead of overlapping in front is secured by short silken cords across the chest. It is usually of black material, shorter in length than the kimono, and in the centre of the back between the shoulders, and also on the sleeves, is stamped, in white, the mon or crest of the wearer; about the size of half-a-crown.

For women, a cape of cloth, entirely covering the kimono, and fastened by loops in front, has recently come into fashion for winter wear and rainy weather.

Men have their throats bare, unless they fear catching cold, when they entirely spoil the graceful appearance of the kimono by wearing a most incongruous woollen comforter. Women wear a daintily patterned collar ("eri")

*Eri.* above the top of the kimono, sewn on to the top of the lower kimono, and allowed to appear above the outer one.

It is only recently that the Japanese have begun to use wool at all, for sheep cannot live

*Wool.* in Japan, owing to bad pasturage.

But now, having learnt its value in keeping off coughs and chest complaints, so terribly prevalent in the country, they are using a great deal of flannel, and also of wool, which they knit and crochet with great skill. More skill than taste, indeed; one woollen article which they love is a baby's cap, and the colours they use for its manufacture are the crudest greens, yellows and reds. It is curious how their artistic instinct seems to desert them when they leave their own native products to adopt foreign styles. I have seen a boy wearing



AN ELABORATE TOILETTE.



knitted stockings, of five different coloured wools!

It only remains to mention the “*hakama*,” or divided skirt, of sober-coloured cotton stuff,

*Hakama.* to complete the description of the

visible part of the dress. This is occasionally worn by boys and students, and to a very limited extent by men. Some schoolgirls, especially those of the upper classes, wear *hakama* of a peculiarly bright purple colour.

Under the *kimono* are worn three or four garments of the same shape, and a well-dressed lady so arranges her toilette that at the sleeves, and at the opening of the *kimono* in front, the edges of all these garments just reveal their delicate silken tints. Men have for the last few years taken to wearing jerseys next the skin.

All Japanese, when either walking fast, or doing hard work, tuck up the skirts of their *kimono* into the *obi*. It is then very easy to distinguish which members of a party of young women, whom you may meet out for a walk together, are married and which unmarried, for it is the privilege of a married woman to wear a white under-garment, while an unmarried woman wears a red one. In

the country districts, too, you would probably find that those wearing the white skirt would also have their teeth blackened ; for in old days all women blackened their teeth on marriage, but fortunately the custom is dying out, as is also that of shaving off the eyebrows.

Some of us who have now and then to pay pretty heavy milliner's bills, would be glad

*Ladies* if the Japanese method of covering <sup>wear no</sup> hats, *but—* the head could come into fashion in this country. Japanese ladies do not wear hats at all ; their hair is dressed by professional hair-dressers twice a week, in an elaborate style, ornamented with various combs <sup>Kanzashi.</sup> and hair-pins, called “ kanzashi.” These kanzashi are long pins with artificial flowers, or fruit, or birds, and tinsel and tassels fixed at the end.

On a cold winter's day a woman will wrap a *Zukin.* piece of dark blue crêpe around her head, to protect her from the chilling blasts. This covering is called a “ zukin.”

Men wear hats of all shapes and makes ; there is no fashion in the matter. Straw hats are very cheap and good, but the bowlers and wide-awakes which are generally worn are of very inferior quality.

On the feet, corresponding to our stockings, are worn the “tabi,” which reach just to the *ankle*. The tabi is a kind of foot-

*glove* (why not? the Germans called gloves “hand-shoes”), made in two colours only, navy blue for ordinary wear, and white for wear on greater occasions. It fits close to the foot, with a division for the big toe, and is fastened round the ankle by two metal clasps. The sole is of thick canvas, so that in case of need the sandal can be dispensed with for outdoor wear. The reason why there is a special division for the big toe is, that every Japanese shoe, whether geta, zori, or waraji, is held to the foot by a thong fastened at the ends to the two sides of the sole, about half-way down, and stretching as far as the fork of the great and second toes, where a short strap passing between these two toes connects it with the sole.

The “geta” is the ordinary outdoor shoe, made of hard wood with a flat upper surface

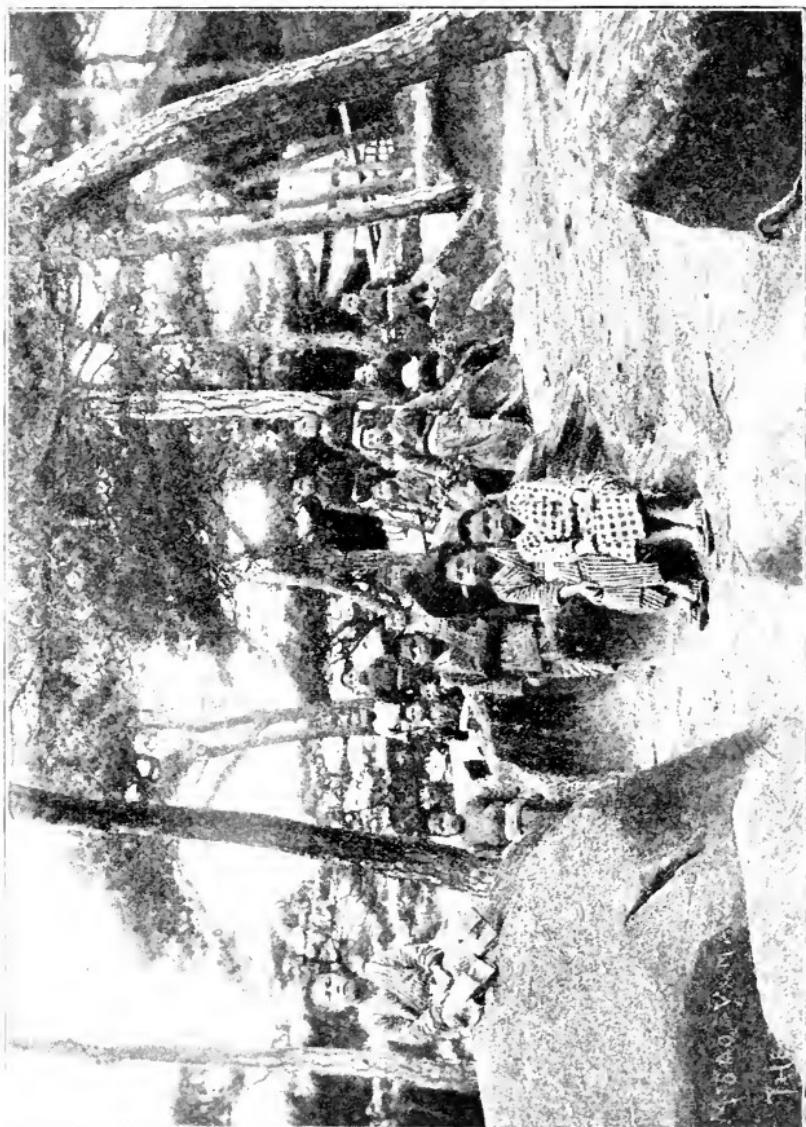
*Geta.* on which the foot rests. It is made either two inches thick at the heel, tapering to a wedge-shape at the toes, or else about half-an-inch thick from end to end, but raised well above the ground by two strips of

wood fixed edgeways at right angles to the sole. Getas are easily slipped off at the door of a house, and are very convenient on a wet day if the mud is only on the surface. But if the ground is clay soil, the edges sink so deep into it that you have to tug furiously with your toes against the thongs at each step. If in your exertions you should break the thong, you are put into a humiliating position, for you must walk home barefoot.

“Zori” are sandals made of finely woven straw, intended for wearing in the *Zori*. house; as, for instance, in passing along passages and verandahs.

“Waraji” are roughly woven sandals, made from untrimmed straw, and have three loops *Waraji*. along each side of the sole, so that in addition to the thong passing between the toes a string crosses and recrosses the foot, finally passing round the ankle. They are thus suited for very rough wear, and are chiefly used by jinricksha pullers and agricultural labourers. A pair of geta costs about fifty sen (one shilling), and lasts a year. Zori cost about twopence, and waraji about three-farthings a pair respectively.

All dress materials are made in lengths of



A GROUP OF BOYS.



one tan, that is twenty-eight feet, and of the invariable width of fourteen inches.

To wash a kimono the threads are taken out, and the pieces, which are straight, are put *Washing.* into the washtub without soap. They are then, if a cotton fabric, hung in the open air stretched on bamboo poles, and when dry converted again into a kimono. If the material is silk, the pieces are, while wet, smoothed on the face of a board which is set on end facing the sun.

As to materials and colours, kimonos for every-day wear are of cotton material. Silk *Materials.* is reserved for special wear on great occasions. Little girls wear very bright dresses of most gorgeous colours and large patterns, red being the predominant hue. As they grow older the colours of their kimonos become more and more sober. The prevailing colours in a Japanese crowd, in summer time, are white and blue; for the rest of the year dull grays, blues, and browns predominate.

You must not suppose that the bright paper *Umbrella.* umbrella you see at a bazaar in England is a common article of every-day use in Japan. Paper umbrellas are fast

giving place to silk ones, which are cheap in this country of silkworms and mulberry trees. The paper umbrellas actually used are covered with very strong oiled paper, bearing about as close a relation to the fireplace ornament umbrella sent to England, as a barge to an outriggered sculling boat.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### TEMPLES.

THERE are no stately buildings in Japan like our cathedrals, but there is a dignity and a beauty about a temple which is quite its own. The tiled roof has a remarkable curve, the beams are of immense thickness and strength, the carvings very lifelike and accurate, and the very position of the temples, in the foreground of a well-wooded slope, as most of them are, or at least nestling among lofty trees, shows off the building to the best advantage.

In front of every temple stands a “*torii*,” thought by some to be a place for birds (*tori*

*Torii.* =bird in Japanese) to perch upon.

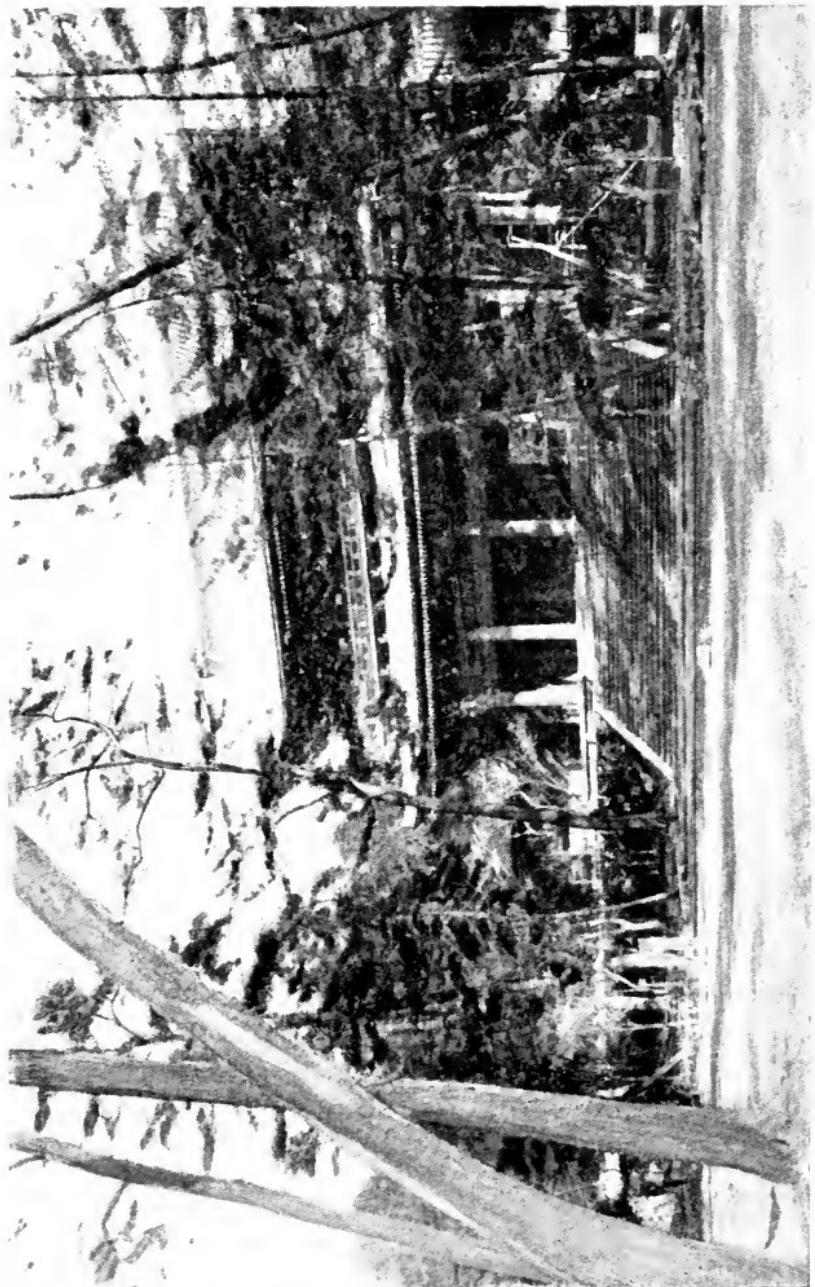
It is formed of two stone or wooden uprights fixed in the ground, one on each side of the approach, supporting two cross-bars, one above the other. It is a common method of honouring a temple to set up a *torii*; and at some shrines you pass under a whole series of *torii*, placed so close together

that you could hardly get wet if it came on to rain. The approach is usually paved with thick oblong stones and is broken by one or



A TORII.

two short flights of steps. If the temple stands on a hill there will be two separate ways of ascent, one straight and steep, called the man's ascent; one more gradual for the women. Often there is a dog or a fox carved of solid stone on



A TEMPLE GATEWAY



each side of the approach, and numerous stone lanterns. You pass through a gateway of great size, possibly with a couple of gigantic red wooden figures on the right and left, enclosed in wire netting. They are very hideous and frightful creatures, and are plastered here and there with pieces of chewed paper. For, if there is anything a worshipper wants very much, he writes it on a piece of paper, and then chews it up and spits it at the figure. If it passes safely through the wire netting, and sticks, he trusts he will get the thing desired, but if it is caught by the wire netting and falls off, he fears the worst. If you look up at the roof of the temple you will most likely see it supported by gilt dragons' heads, with gaping crimson throats.

Passing through the gateway you find yourself in a courtyard, which is sometimes surrounded by a kind of cloister, and sometimes merely fenced in ; the stone causeway *The courtyard.* is continued through the courtyard up to the door of the temple. On your left will be a bell, sounded not by a clapper, but by a pole, hung in such a way that, if pulled a short distance forward, it will fall back and strike the outside of the bell with its lower end.

Further on is a small covered platform, for use as a theatre at the time of the temple festival ; and other buildings, erected in memory of some particular person, as dwellings for the priests, or for other purposes.

Everything, except the roof, is built of wood, frequently painted a dull red, or bright vermilion.

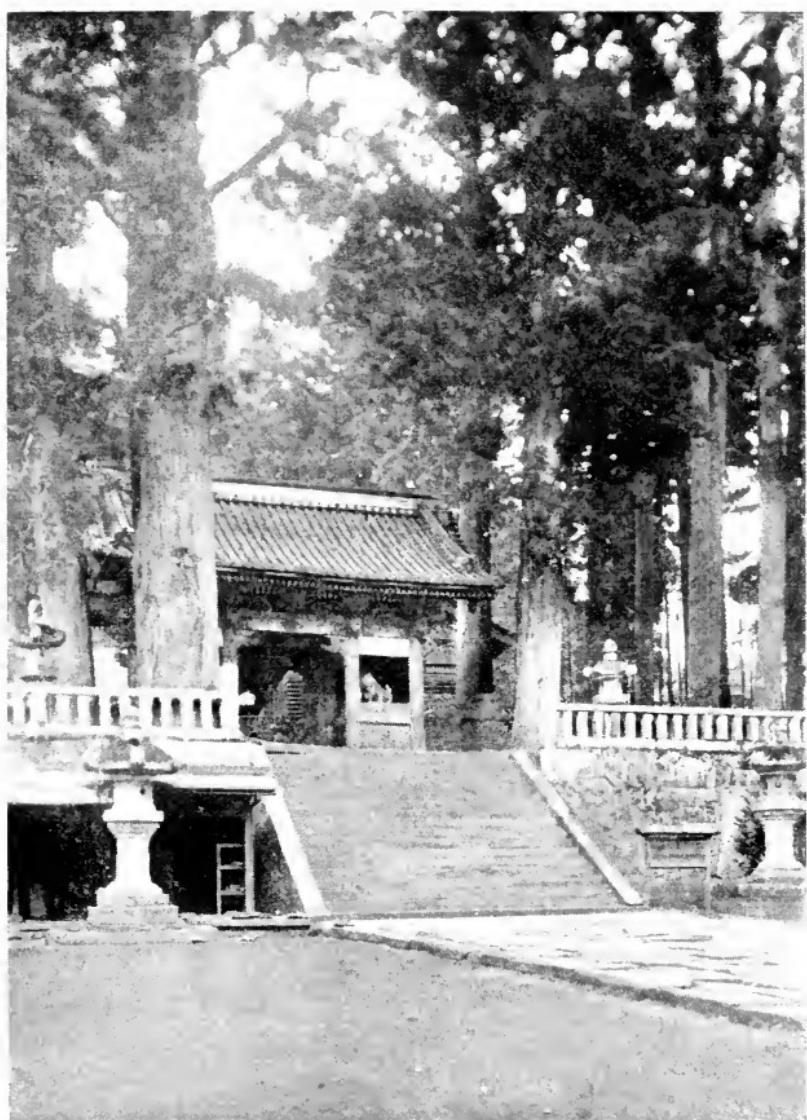
Before entering the temple, a worshipper laves his hands at a stone trough, roofed over,

which stands before the door ; he then

<sup>A</sup> worshipper walks up the steps, and, if he is a

devout man, throws between the bars of a large chest, or on the tatami, a very small copper coin. From the lintel over his head hangs a thick straw rope, communicating with a round brass bell. He gives this a good shake, bows his head, claps his hands, says his prayer in an audible tone, and his duty is done.

If he should wish to enter the temple, he must, of course, leave his geta, or boots, outside, but if it is a large temple with a verandah running round it, he may walk on this without removing them. Over the door of the temple there is often some fine carving, or painting, and when you enter the building you are surrounded by colour. In front of you is



THE APPROACH TO A TEMPLE.



a table of lacquered wood, on which stand various objects of religious significance, the most prominent being large paper lotus flowers, if it be a Buddhist temple (see p. 139), strips of curiously cut paper called "gohei,"

*Shintō mirror.* and a round metal mirror, if it be Shintō. According to some, this

mirror is intended to remind you that nothing you do is without its effect; that "fields have eyes, and hedges have ears," that the most secret action is reflected somewhere. "Thou God seest me." But legend improves upon this. A certain ill-favoured god once upon a time fell in love with the sun-goddess, who, to escape his attentions, ran away to the lower world. This left the earth in darkness, and all the other gods and goddesses came to the entrance of the lower world, to entice her ladyship back by offering her a mirror, rolls of white and blue cloth, and jewels hanging from the branches of a tree. Others performed dances, whilst the wisest of all offered a prayer. All these things enter into a Shintō service, the rolls of cloth being represented to-day by the paper "gohei."

The roof is flat and comparatively low; the cross-beams are concealed by embroidery, the

subjects generally represented being storks and other birds, and flowers, and from *Roof.* them hang lanterns of all sorts of shapes and sizes. Some of these are decorated with long streamers heavily gilded. Indeed, gilding is the most common method of ornamentation.

On the walls are hung pictures, most often representing horses, ships, men saying their *Walls.* prayers, or the adventures of Nichiren, a great religious reformer and founder of a sect. These are generally thank-offerings for the fulfilment of some great hope. At the back of the temple is a second shrine containing the emblem of the deity worshipped. None may enter this except the priest, and he only on special occasions.

Sermons are preached in most temples on one day in each month. The congregation on *Sermons.* such occasions is not large; the preacher sits on the floor facing his audience, which is also sitting. He has a little desk for his book and his notes, and has no objection to making people laugh. The last sermon I heard was an attack upon Christianity, which taught men to say "Our Father." Now, "father" in Japanese is "chichi," and



A TEMPLE COURTYARD.

J.

P



"chichi" also means "milk." "How can God be a Father if He be milk?" Not very funny, you will say, but the people laughed. When notice is given of these sermons, it is posted up, that "in this *mountain* so-and-so will preach;" even in the midst of a city it appears thus, for all temples were on mountains in old days. Every morning and evening the Japanese priest has his "kyō" to perform. Kyō is the ancient religious scripture, perhaps I may call it "law" in English—it cannot be called prayer—and it is, of course, written in an antique style of Chinese, which the priests themselves, much less the ordinary people, hardly understand. It is read sitting by the side of a small gong, struck every now and then by the reader, unless there is an assistant, whose duty it is to make a ting, ting, ting, all through the recitation. At the same time offerings of rice, fruit, or cakes, etc., are made. Besides these large temples there are innumerable small shrines, from the size of a dog-kennel upwards, placed by the roadside, on mountain summits, and beneath cliffs, containing a fox or other figure of stone, and two flower vases, containing either leaves of laurel or strips of paper.

The most famous temples in Japan are those

at Nikko. The approach to the town is *Avenue of cryptomaria trees.* through an avenue of great *cryptomaria trees*, twenty-one miles long. Two hundred years ago the Shōgun was about to visit Nikko, and all the Daimios in the neighbourhood prepared costly presents for him. But one Daimio was poor, and could afford no lacquer cabinet or costly vase: "I will make him a present which shall serve as a memorial of him when these things have mouldered to dust," he said, and he planted this double row of trees. There is now a railway to the place, which, every year, carries thousands of pilgrims, whose desire it is to ascend Nantai San, the sacred mountain beyond. A description of the great temples at Nikko, with their wonderful carving and elaborate decoration, would fill a volume. I will tell you of just two things.

There are three monkeys, side by side, life-like and vigorous. The one on the left has both hands (surely a monkey has *The Nikko monkeys.* hands!) over his ears, the one in the middle has both hands over his mouth, and the one on the right has both hands over his eyes. Can you understand the sermon which, without speaking a word, these

monkeys have been preaching for three hundred years? "It is good to have sharp ears to pick up things quickly, but *don't listen to anything that is bad!* It is good to have a smart tongue, but *don't say anything that is bad!* It is good to have one's eyes open to mark anything useful, but *don't look at anything that is bad!*"

A little beyond the monkeys stands a pillar, the pattern upon which is upside down. This was not accidental, but intentional. It was done for fear that the gods might be jealous of absolute perfection in human work, and destroy it or its authors with thunderbolts or with a plague.

I must tell you of another figure seen in some temples. It is a tall and stately lady

with one hundred hands. She is the  
*Benten Sama.* goddess of mercy, Benten Sama, and

her hundred hands mean that for deeds of mercy two hands are not enough. There is so much pain and wrong in the world that, if we had, each of us, a hundred hands, we could hardly alleviate it all; use then the two hands you have with all your might, that you may do at least your share.

The priests of the temples are not very

admirable persons. They wear shaven heads, and a curious black muslin "haori." I am afraid they do not lead very good lives. There are, too, a great number of religious beggars in Japan; they move from house to house, at each door tinkling a bell which hangs from their waists, repeating some "kyō," and asking for alms.

I spoke of pilgrims. In many villages there is a subscription paid by everybody all through

*Pilgrims.* the year, and when the summer comes round a certain number are selected to go on the pilgrimage. Fifteen or twenty men, with perhaps a few women, all dressed in white, their heads sheltered by enormous hats of rice straw, set forth staff in hand for some distant mountain which they will climb, and, after a brief act of worship, admire the view and come down again. At the inns at which they stop they hold a kind of service, with much recitation of kyō, separately and together, and ringing of bells, lasting till perhaps eleven o'clock at night, and by five next morning they are gone. Pilgrimages are not at all bad things. They give the people an opportunity of seeing the beauties of their native country and of a thorough

change from their daily duties, and carry information from province to province. Sometimes they have also carried disease, but the authorities are now very careful of this.

Why are stone foxes so often seen in or about the temples? Foxes and badgers are

*Stone foxes.* supposed to be able to do a great deal of harm. If a man is strange or eccentric he is considered to be possessed by a fox, and there is a regular method of driving the fox out. I heard of a coolie who one night felt a pain in his arm. Up he jumped and ran off to the nearest police station, where he thumped and yelled till he roused the whole street, crying that he was possessed by a fox. The policeman rubbed his arm with some ammonia, and the fox apparently left him in peace.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### MONEY—FLAGS—STAMPS.

UNTIL 1897, the silver dollar, called a “yen,” worth then about 2s.  $0\frac{1}{2}d.$ , was the standard of value. “Yen” means “*Yen*,” a “round thing”—the circle formed by joining the tips of the finger and thumb always expresses “money” in Japan. An old man asked me once in a rest-house, where I was going. “Out for a walk,” I answered. “Ah, sowing this?” and he held up his hand with his thumb and finger joined. The “yen” is one of the most handsome coins in existence; it is stamped with a very fierce and truculent dragon.

A hundred copper “sen,” or cents, make a yen; there are nickel pieces of 5 sen, silver “*Sen*,” pieces of 10, 20, and 50 sen. Ten “*Rin*,” “rin” again make a sen; as the sen is about an equivalent of a farthing, the “rin” is obviously not a valuable coin. The sen used to be oblong, with a square

hole in the middle. This coin was issued in the era of Tempo (protection of heaven), and was called a "tempo sen." It is no longer in circulation, but the word is used, for when the new round sens were issued, the tempo fell to the value of nine rin instead of ten. Tempo-sen thus became a term applied to everything not of quite full value, and now to call a man a tempo-sen is to suggest that he is "not quite all there," or "got a screw loose." Rin are no longer coined; they are only used by the poorer classes, and have a hole in the middle for stringing them together.

Gold is found in a small island called Sado, lying to the north of the main island, and in one or two other places. Before *Gold.* foreigners arrived there was a good deal of gold in circulation. I am sorry

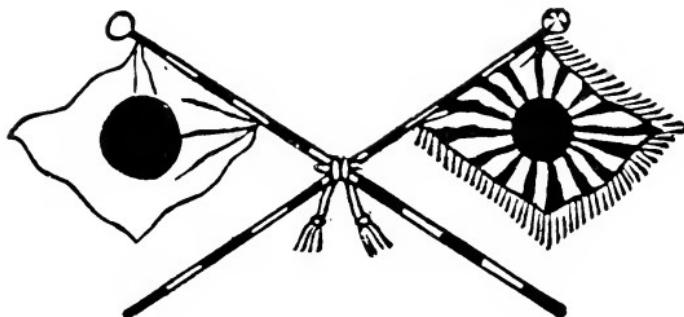


MONEY.

to say that the foreigners bought up all the gold they could, paying for it with silver, and a great deal was sent out of the country before the Japanese knew its true value. Still a few gold dollar and five-dollar pieces were struck, the value of the gold and silver dollar being supposed to be the same (value 3s. 6d.). But silver is produced in such quantities in America and elsewhere that it is not now worth so much as it used to be; so that while the silver dollar was worth 2s. 0½d., the gold dollar was still worth 3s. 6d. This made business with foreign countries very awkward, and now the silver dollars are being called in, and the gold dollar has become the standard. This was done just before I left Japan, so I cannot tell you the result.

Paper money is very extensively used. There are one, five, and ten yen notes; some bear figures of the god of wealth, *Paper money.* with fat paunch and well-filled money bags, some figures of sailors or blacksmiths, some merely the Imperial badge, the sixteen petalled chrysanthemum. The paper is very tough, and will stand a great deal of use, though you do get a very brown and ragged one given you occasionally. I once

read of a man who put three hundred and fifty yen notes into a waste paper basket, thinking no one would disturb them. On his return, after a very brief absence, he found that his wife had, in the interval, sold the contents of the basket to a rag and bone man for a few sen. However, he pursued the man and got his money back.



FLAGS.

There are two varieties of flags, the military and the naval. Both have a white background, in the centre of which is a red sun.

*Flags.* The naval flag has in addition red rays issuing from the sun, and carried right across to the edge of the flag.

There is no mistaking a festival day in Japan. In the early morning a pair of flags, mounted on slender poles of bamboo, painted or lacquered with alternate bands of white and

yellow, are hung cross-wise over the gate of every house, the poles tied together with purple tassels at the point where they cross. Foreigners cross the national flag with that of their own country.

The first issue of stamps was in 1871. There was no representation of the Emperor

*Postage Stamps 1871.* corresponding to the face of Her Gracious Majesty, which we are

accustomed to see upon our own stamps. The Imperial visage could not be made too common, and besides, it was impossible that it should be desecrated by the cancelling stamp of the post office coming down upon it on every letter that was posted. So the earliest stamps had but the value in Japanese characters placed upon them, surrounded by a device of guarding dragons.

In the 1872 issue, the Imperial chrysanthemum surmounts the words "postage stamps" in

*1872.* Japanese, encircled by wreaths of

flowers; above and below the value is written in English, down the sides

*1874,* in Japanese. This was slightly varied

*1875.* in 1874, but in 1875 an issue was

published of which the characteristic mark was a bird, enclosed in a circular frame.

The forty-five sen stamp, bearing an eagle with outspread wings, is now rare and valuable.

In 1876 the words, in English as well as in Japanese, "Imperial Japanese Post," were first introduced, the distinguishing mark being the chrysanthemum or the sun in an oval frame, with the value marked in the corner.

A new issue of 1888 showed but little change, but in 1894 the silver wedding of their Imperial

Majesties was celebrated, and to  
1888. commemorate the event an oblong  
1894.

red 2 sen and blue 5 sen were issued. In the centre is the chrysanthemum, in a frame bearing the words "Imperial Wedding, 25 anniversary," and its Japanese equivalent.

In 1896 an entirely new departure was made in memory of the victory of Japan over

1896. China: a 2 and a 5 sen stamp were issued, bearing heads, not the

Emperor's—for the people must be gradually accustomed to the new idea—but those of two kinsmen of his, Prince Shirakawa and Prince Arisugawa. It was expected that before long all the stamps would bear the impress of the Emperor's head, but my last

letters from Japan are stamped with what is evidently an 1899 issue, and the old chrysanthemum is the only sign of Imperial Majesty upon it.  
*1899.*

Stamp collectors must be very cautious in regard to Japanese stamps. Of none are the counterfeits so numerous or so clever, for as soon as the common people found they could send a letter by sticking a piece of paper upon it, they began to copy them for themselves. I found what I thought to be a great prize in an old book shop just before I came home, but, alas, I have strong doubts now as to its genuineness.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

RICE—TEA—TOBACCO—SILK.

LONG before I went to Japan I knew that the country produced the best rice in the world. More land is laid out for growing rice than for all other kinds of agricultural products put together.

The rice is sown in April and May in small square plots of carefully prepared soil, over

*Sowing the rize.* which water is allowed to run very slowly. The seed soon springs up,

covering the beds with a carpet of bright green shoots, which completely hide the water. When these are some four inches high, they are taken out in handfuls and planted out

*Trans-planting* in the rice field. Terrible work this must be, for it is done during the wet season, and the strain on the labourers must be very severe, for they are stooping all day long, while the rain is pouring down, and the mud in which they are planting the rice reaches almost up to their knees.

The rice-fields are exactly like a number of billiard tables, one placed at a slightly higher level than the other, step by step from *Rice-fields.* the very bed of a stream up to the highest point on the hill on which water can be found. It is water that rice must have. From the spring it is led to the first little tableland, so as just to cover its perfectly flat surface, escaping on the lower side to flow over the one below; and so it passes down, the same water fertilizing perhaps fifty fields, till it reaches the river. When possible, the fertilizing effect of the water is made greater by the addition of liquid manure.

Harvest begins in October, by which time the rice has lost its bright green colour, and begins to look very rusty. The runnels by which the water streams into the fields are then blocked, and when the surface is dry the rice is cut with sickles, and the grains torn out with a primitive instrument, consisting of two metal blades placed side by side, between which the ears are dragged. The straw is piled up round trees or poles to get thoroughly dry, while the grains are sent to market. A curious custom still prevails of announcing the price of rice at

Osaka to the merchants of Kobe by a system of flag signals along the hills. It would be much less troublesome, and save much time, to send word by telegraph, but the old ways cannot be given up.

Rice is pounded either by wooden mallets worked by hand, or by means of an ingenious arrangement by which a water-wheel lifts and drops again one or several poles weighted at the lower end.

I suppose a good many schoolboys in England have kept silk-worms, sometime or other, and know their ways. Silk is

*Silk-worms.* produced chiefly in the mountain districts, which favour the growth of the mulberry trees. It is astonishing what a quantity of leaves the little rascals eat. The girls go out early in the morning with their great baskets over their shoulders, and as fast as they can fill them the silkworms empty them again. You know that the worms go to sleep twice before they spin, some kinds earlier than others. In a Japanese newspaper, telegrams are published from different parts of the country announcing that "The silkworms have just gone to sleep," or "The silkworms are waking up from their second sleep," and so

on. The cocoons when ready are put into hot water, and the silk is wound off in great skeins, to be dyed, its weaving on the handloom affording employment for the women folk all through the winter.

Tobacco is grown extensively, but only for home consumption. The leaves are hung in

*Tobacco.* long rows against the farm-house walls to dry, and sent to the retail dealers uncut ; so that at every tobacconist's there is a man working a heavy cutting machine with his foot. It is cut exceedingly fine, and made very dry. The pipe in which it is smoked is very different to those you are accustomed to see in England, for the bowl is about the size of the tip of your little finger. It holds just enough tobacco to allow of two or three whiffs, after which the ashes are knocked out into the palm of the hand, to light the next pipe withal if the smoker is of an economical disposition ; if not, they are just thrown away. I have seen a man use up a whole box of matches during the hour's railway journey between Osaka and Kobe, so often did he refill and light his pipe.

*The pipe.* The bowl and mouthpiece is of metal ; the stem sometimes of bamboo, sometimes of the same metal as the bowl and

mouthpiece, in which case it will be brightly ornamented and chased. In the Treaty ports one often sees a coolie smoking a foreign pipe and American tobacco, evidently considering himself a grand man for doing so; and the young blood of the country chiefly patronises the cigarette. One company alone imported over a hundred millions of cigarettes in two and a half months! The tobacco used in them is very rank stuff, for it has to be cheap to suit the pockets, not apparently the tastes, of the consumers. The native love of imitation is peculiarly conspicuous in the tobacco trade. For instance, a certain American company devised a brand of cigarettes called "Sunrise." Immediately a Japanese firm produced a rival brand, of nearly an identical appearance, but needless to say of a very inferior quality, called "Sanrise." Imported cigars are very much cheaper than in England, for Manila is near and the duty is low. They are much appreciated by those who can afford them, and a present of a cigar to smoke during a business conversation, with the prospect of the rest of the box to follow after it, offers the best assurance of the conversation ending satisfactorily.

The finest Tea in Japan comes from the neighbourhood of Kyoto, where the plantations are situated which have for many generations supplied the Imperial household. Tea is a low, thick growing shrub, bearing a white flower. Only the fresh young leaves are picked, except for cheap brands, in which you will often see bits of stalk and other worthless pieces; this work is done by women and girls. The leaves are dried in the sun, or over a hibachi, and are then ready for use. It is not black like the tea we use, for that is roasted in the "tea-firing houses" in the Treaty ports. It is put into iron pans heated by steam, and kept constantly moving until it is black.

The manner of brewing tea in Japan is also quite different from our way. Any good housewife in England will tell you to warm *Infusion.* the teapot, have the water boiling but only just boiling, and so on; some people drink it as it leaves the pot, but most add milk and sugar. A Japanese, on the contrary, pours the water from the kettle into a flat saucer-like bowl, until it is lukewarm; it is then poured over the leaves, and almost immediately the tea, of a delicate straw colour, is ready to pour off.

The first two or three cups are considered the best, as there is a peculiar oily flavour which passes away after a few minutes' infusion. As for adding milk or sugar, no one would dream of doing such a thing. It looks very innocent stuff, and the cups from which you sip it are so tiny that it is easy to lose count of their number, but woe betide you if you drink too much late at night. You may be sure you will lie awake if you do.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### FESTIVALS.

THERE are about ten National Festivals every year. The first three days of the New Year and the Emperor's Birthday are holidays; there is also the "Apprentices' holiday," a spring holiday, one on the day of the rising of the Dog-star, and one in the autumn, for the "bon," when lights are placed on all graves.

During the New Year Holiday, every one goes a-calling, with a packet of visiting cards,

one of which he leaves upon each of  
*The New Year.* his friends—as many as 150 or 200.

He need not go in to partake of the New Year delicacies; it is enough if he deposits his card on the tray which is placed for the purpose at the door.

Over every door is stretched a curiously plaited straw rope, thick in the middle, and tapering to a point at the ends, with a bunch of evergreens, an orange, and a lobster, fastened

*New Year Decorations.*

at the thickest part. Outside in the roadway there is an arrangement of thick bamboos, cut in a special shape, on each side of the door. If the visitor does go in, he is offered some "mochi." Mochi-making is a great business at the end of the year. A party of men carry round from house to house a boiler, "Mochi." three heavy mallets, and a huge wooden mortar. Standing round the mortar they pound the dough furiously, until it is ready for boiling. What with the thuds of the mallets, the shouting and whistling of the men, the blazing fire and steaming caldron, your garden is like pandemonium during the process. At the New Year "mochi" is eaten soft, with brown bean sauce.

In the evening, there is a festive meal, followed by games, the favourite being a card-game, played as follows. One hundred well known proverbs are selected, each divided into two parts, and printed each part on a separate card. The old man of the house has the hundred first halves, which he reads aloud, one by one; the hundred second halves are dealt to the other players, who place their hands face upwards on the tatami. As the first half of any proverb is read, the holder of the second

half throws it out, or if he sees it unnoticed among his neighbour's cards, seizes it and gives him one of his own. The player who is first "out" wins. New Year's Day is the one day in the whole year on which all shops are closed.

On the "Misoka," the last day of each month, it is correct to eat "o soba" (p. 99). It is a great day for paying bills.

Other national holidays are not observed in any particular way, except at the schools (p. 253). Like our Bank holidays, they give every one an opportunity of counting on a "day off" about once a month.

Besides these national holidays there are local holidays, in connection with the Temple "Matsuri." Festivals, called "Matsuri." These have largely lost their religious significance, like the "wakes" and "fairs" of England, and are chiefly occasions of amusement. Every house in the vicinity of the temple hangs out its paper lantern, and every shop its paper box, with a quaint figure or two painted upon it, in which a light is placed at sundown. The little theatre is swept clean, or, if there is none, a portable one is brought from another temple; and from morning till

night a dumb-show is carried on, to the accompaniment of a shrill flute and a drum, representing some scene in mythical Japanese history. The four or five performers wear masks ; there is always a fox, and an old man with a long white beard, and one with the flat, foolish face, called "Okami." At the same time a curious contrivance is brought from somewhere, like a glorified bier. Sometimes it is borne on wheels, when children are allowed to sit on the edge of its wagon as it is towed through the streets by a line of little boys or men, wearing short white frocks, blue "obis" and "zukins." Sometimes it is carried on men's shoulders. As they go they shake and heave it, up and down and to and fro, shouting "Hasu! Hasu!" I have never been able to obtain an explanation of this. The bier is evidently a reminiscence of the funeral rites of the hero honoured at the temple, who on his death became a "shin" (p. 166), but why it should be treated so badly I do not know.

The priests meanwhile are busy with people who want to know what their luck will be. The inquirer makes an offering of the smallest possible value, and is given an oblong box with a hole at one end. He shakes it up, and a

slip of bamboo comes out of the hole, with a number on it. This corresponds to one of a number of drawers, which the priest now opens, and takes from it a slip of paper, inscribed with a sentence from the sacred books. It may or may not be exactly applicable to the circumstances of the case, but the inquirer somehow or other decides, with its help, whether the plan he has in his mind will turn out well or ill.

The courtyard of the temple is crowded all this time with stalls, for the sale of sweetmeats, "kanzashi," pipes, and other small wares; peep-shows, containing pictures from all Japanese history; booths, in which for one sen you may see the performing canaries, the gigantic snake, or the vanishing lady; theatres, with drop-scenes which are raised every now and then, giving you time for just one peep, so that your appetite may be whetted to pay your money and go in, to be lost in wonder at the performances of acrobats, or the skill of conjurers. And each show has its tout, screaming himself hoarse with announcing the superior attractions of his concern. And the crowd, as good-natured a crowd as can be found in the world, moves round from show to show,

staring and gaping, and now and then paying its money and going in. Yes, it is great fun, and one sees no drunkenness or bad behaviour.



## CHAPTER XXV.

STORIES, ETC.

### *The Saké Drinker's Dream.*

A YOUNG man who had been lunching out, one warm summer's day, fell asleep on his return home, and dreamed that he was given a bottle of saké, steaming hot. "Oh," said he in his dream, "I'll just put this aside to get cool." But a mosquito chose that moment to bite him on the ankle, and he woke up. "Fool that I was," he reflected, "not to drink that saké just as it was!"

### *On a Notice Board.*

(1.)

Milk of Cow.

N. OHASHI,

First milk squeezer of Tokyo.

(2.)

SHIOTANI,

Washer of Ladies and Gentlemen in  
torpedo washer. Prices low.

Ladies 1·50 the hundred. Gentlemen one dollar.

*From a Child's Reading-book.*

A gentleman sitting under an oak tree observed a large water-melon growing on a stalk, which ran straggling over a rubbish heap. "What a poor arrangement," he said to himself, "to put a great melon like that on a creeping plant, and a tiny acorn on a tall oak tree. If I had had the making of the world I should have put it the other way about, the acorn on the plant, and the big melon on the great tree." Just then there came a puff of wind, which shook the trees, and down came an acorn upon his nose. "Ah," he said, "I'm glad I didn't have the making of the world."

*Momotaro.*

An old wood-cutter and his wife lived in a hut by the side of a stream. One day the old woman observed a very large peach floating down the stream. She fished it out, and put it on a shelf until her husband came home, that she might share it with him. But hardly had she placed it on the supper-table when it began to crack—and lo! instead of a stone, there was a little tiny boy inside. They put him in a bath-tub, which to their surprise he raised above his head; and this was the first of a series of

feats of strength far exceeding that of an ordinary baby. They called him Momotaro—Peachling, for “momo” means “peach.” When he had grown a little, he one day called the old woman, and asked her to make him five “dango,” that is, millet dumplings, for he was going to attack the castle of the goblins. She was a little surprised, but she made them, and he put them in his bag and set out. Presently a voice called him from a tree—“Momotaro, what have you there?” He looked up and saw a pheasant. “The best dango in all Japan; come with me and you shall have one.” So the pheasant accompanied him. Next, a monkey called—“Momotaro, what have you there?” “The best dumplings in all Japan; come with me and you shall have one.” So the monkey came too, and presently a dog joined the party also, on the same conditions. So they four went on together. And when they came near to the stronghold, the pheasant flew in front of the others, and passing over the wall made observations. She then called to the monkey, who climbed up the wall at the place the pheasant pointed out, and found an iron crowbar, which he set in a handy place. He then unfastened the great gate; in rushed Momotaro and the

dog, and while the dog snapped at the ogres' heels, and the monkey threw stones at them from the wall, and the pheasant flapped her wings in their faces, Momotaro made play with his crowbar, until they fell on their knees and prayed for mercy. So he and his companions entered the store-house, where they found gold and silver and coral in abundance, which they bore in triumph to the old couple at home, and made them rich and happy for the rest of their days.

Kaké means oyster ; kaké means persimmon. A Yokohama lady ordered a persimmon pie. The cook made an oyster pie, and served it with the sweets.

A faithful wife, in old days, was much persecuted by a friend of her husband's, who at last declared that if she would not leave her home and follow him, he would kill her husband. "If you will kill him first, I will come." She then explained to him that he was to come by night, and cut off the head of her husband, which he would recognise by finding the hair wet. All went well. Sword in hand, the assassin found his way to the chamber of his victim ; found a head with short wetted hair,

with one stroke severed it from the body, and bore it away to the place where the lady had promised to meet him. The lady was not there, and as day dawned he saw that the head he held in his hand was not that of the husband, but of the wife. She had saved his life at the expense of her own.

There was a wood-cutter who had a terrible wen on his right cheek. Caught one day in a storm, he crept into a hollow tree, and fell asleep. When he awoke he found it was night, but the darkness was illumined by a thousand tiny lamps, and in an open space just by his tree a number of Tengu had opened a saké tub, and were having high jinks. Presently music struck up and a dance began ; whereupon our friend rushed out and fell to dancing with all his might, in the midst of the peaky faces and long noses. They laughed and cheered till the wood re-echoed, and as morning dawned they declared that he had diverted them exceedingly, and must come again. “ And as a pledge that you will pay us another visit, we take this wen ! ” And in a trice the wen fell from his cheek, so that it became smooth as a child’s.

But a neighbour wood-cutter, who had a huge wen on his left cheek, was stirred with envy when next he met our hero, and would have the story of his cure. Learning the secret, he set out with a new pair of straw sandals on his feet. The Tengu duly assembled round the saké tub, and wood-cutter number two rushed out, and essayed to fling a leg. But alas! his agility or his skill was not equal to that of his fellow wood-cutter; the cheering which greeted his first appearance died away, and he ended his efforts amid chilling silence. "Thank you," said the Tengu, "and as you have tried to amuse us, we will pay you with this!" And forthwith they clapped upon his right cheek the wen they had taken from his fellow-sufferer, and he returned to his hut adorned with two, instead of one, gigantic wens!

The last story needs some explanation. "Tengu" is the name given to fairies with thin faces and long noses, supposed to live among mountains in Japan. One sees pictures and cardboard representations of them in shops and houses; and with them by way of contrast are often put faces of another kind of fairy,

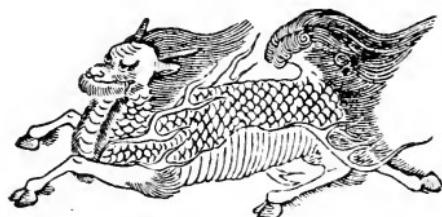
broad and flat, with snub noses and fat, good-natured cheeks, called "Okami." I was once told that a Japanese merchant sent to America a few specimens of Tengu, as curiosities, and was delighted to receive a large order. With the next consignment he sent a few hundreds of Okami as well, but was surprised to hear that they were useless for the market. He asked why, and was told that the American public found the long noses of the Tengu made very convenient hat-pegs, but the flat faces of the Okami could not be utilised for that or any other practical purpose.

There was a Tengu shrine near the house I once occupied for a short time upon a hill near Kobe, and it was not long before I found why it was placed there. A lady staying in my house had taken a "kago," or native sedan chair, for an expedition, and returned home just after dark. The bearers had their meal of rice, and received their fare. I supposed they would return home; but my house "boy" came to me and announced mysteriously that they really must stay the night. "Why?" I asked. "Because of the Tengu." They really did not dare to start, and, tired as they were, preferred to sleep on the ground in the open

air rather than descend to their huts at the bottom of the hill.

These men, of course, were of the lowest class ; but the fear of Tengu is not confined to them. My house "boy" was a comparatively well-born and educated man, but one night when I told him to take a message to a neighbouring house, he said he would not go for twenty yen. "Why, last year, a man was leading his cattle down from the mountain after dark, and never reached his home. They found the oxen next morning, and traced the man's footsteps to a place where the ground was soft, and the oxen had evidently tramped round and round, and up and down all night ; but from the mass of hoof-marks his footsteps never emerged. Beyond doubt he had been carried off by the Tengu."

You can easily understand that a man-servant should be called "boy," for short ; but what do you think of a woman-servant describing herself as a "lady-boy" ?



## CHAPTER XXVI.

### CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

You read in Chapter II. how Christianity was stamped out and forbidden by the Tokugawas. Upon the reopening of the country in 1854, missionaries of various countries found their way to Japan and commenced operations, at first, of course, in the Treaty ports. The Roman missionaries found some who knew something of Christian teaching, which had been handed down in secret from father to son through all those 250 years, but on the whole the disposition of the people was distinctly opposed to, rather than in favour of, a second introduction of the Faith of Christ.

At first, then, there was a period of persecution and opposition. This was not due to any action of the Government, for when <sup>A</sup> *period of opposition.* the Emperor promised his people a Constitution, he ordained that all should be free to hold what religious opinions

they wished. Then an idea gained ground that Christianity was a part of the *A period of success.* Western civilization Japan was so anxious to adopt; full many were baptized who had accepted the Faith with but half their hearts and little of their understandings. They were as the "seed sown among thorns" of the parable. For presently there was a revival in favour of the old ways, and then many of them fell away, and either *Reaction.* resigned their Church membership or ceased to attend service and say their prayers. And then came the war, followed by such activity in every kind of business as had never been known before; and now men seem to have no time for thinking of religion, but "go their way, one to his farm, another to his merchandise," no one seeming to care even to examine whether Christianity is true, or whether it has a message for the country or for himself in particular.

Statistics in regard to missionary work are hard to obtain, and not very reliable. There are said to be about 100,000 Christians in Japan, of whom the Roman Church claims nearly half and the Greek Church 16,000.

This latter total is the result, under God, of the work of one man, Bishop Nicolai, who entered the country as soon as it was opened, and has

*The Greek Church.* been working almost single-handed ever since. The secret of his success is partly the Ritual of the Holy Eastern Church, which appeals to the artistic Japanese people, partly to his clear statement of the Faith. "This is the way, walk ye in it," has been his motto. He has issued his Catechisms and Text-books, opened his Divinity School, and taught clearly truths which men may accept or reject. There has been no adding of different views by different teachers, or disagreement as to the articles of the faith.

Next in numbers come the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, with about 10,000 members each; and then the "Nippon Sei Kō Kwai," or "Holy Church of Japan," in communion with the Churches of England and of America, the fruit of the labours of missionaries connected with those bodies. It is not a branch of the English Church, still less an affair of some missionary society, but an independent National Church, with its own canons and constitutions, its own Prayer-Book, its own

Home and Foreign Missionary Societies, its own native clergy (now numbering about twenty-five), and in the future, please God, its own Bishops. Its members total 8,400. It is noticeable that while the members of other bodies have not increased, or have even diminished, during the last few years, the Nippon Sei Kō Kwai can alone, I believe, point to an increase.

How this result has been obtained would be a long story. The Church Missionary Society  
*C.M.S.* has sent out more missionaries and  
*S.P.G.* lady workers than any other society,  
*S.P.C.K.* the American Church not quite so many, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel a few. The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, too, has helped, by grants of money for publishing and presents of books for libraries. "God giveth the increase," and there are few missionaries but could tell of the seed sown bearing fruit in some quite unexpected way; few but would tell you that though missionary work has its disappointments it also has its joys, and that our Lord does fulfil His promise of blessings a hundredfold.

The name of Bishop Edward Bickersteth

will for ever be associated with the organisation of the infant Church of Japan.

*Bishop Edward Bickersteth.* It was his brain that first formed the idea of an Independent National Church; his knowledge of ancient Church customs and laws that devised the local and general synods, and drew up the canons and constitutions which they presently accepted as a basis for further advance. Other men have now entered into his labours, for he passed to his rest in August, 1897, largely as the result of over-strain in connection with a serious question affecting the prosperity of the Japanese Church. May the foundations be laid so well one day support a noble temple —the Church of the Living God.

But it will not be yet. The Japanese must, through the Holy Spirit, feel their need of the

*Difficulties.* Gospel before they can accept it; they must lay aside their indifference in regard to religion; they must be content to become as little children, which, of all things, is most hard to a people just conscious of its strength. If you should ask what, beyond these, are the great hindrances to the spread of the Gospel, I should answer, first, the impression that loyalty to Christ is somehow

opposed to loyalty to the Emperor; secondly, the passages of Holy Scripture which bid us leave our father and mother and follow Christ (for they *seem* opposed to the Confucian duty of obedience to parents); thirdly, the inconsistent, and even bad, lives of some professing Christians; and fourthly, the divisions which exist among us.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE EMPEROR.

HIS Imperial Majesty, Mutsu Hito, was born at Kyoto on November 3rd, 1852. He is the one hundred and twenty-third of the *The Emperor's personality.* Imperial line, his ancestor, Jimmu Tenno, the first Emperor, having established the dynasty which has lasted unbroken for 2500 years. We in England usually call him the Mikado (literally “honourable gate,” like the “sublime porte” in Turkey), but in his own country he is spoken of as Tenshi Sama—“the lord of heaven” (heaven of course is the Japanese empire), or Tennō, of much the same meaning.

The Empress is rather older than his *The Empress.* Majesty. She has done as much for the social well-being and education of her own sex as her noble Husband has accomplished for the nation generally.

The heir-apparent is Prince Haru, now *The Crown Prince.* about twenty years of age. I regret to say that his health is very bad, and he is continually in the doctor’s hands.

When we reflect on the enormous changes which have passed over the country since the Emperor left his retirement at Kyoto, we



THE EMPEROR.

can hardly sufficiently admire his foresight *His open-minded* in seeing that the changes must come, and his prudence in carrying *policy.* out necessary reforms. Thirty years ago the Emperor never appeared in public.

When first he did so every door and window was shut, for none might look, especially from above, upon the Imperial Presence. Last year he graciously visited Kobe and drove in an open carriage, not only among his own people, but even through the Concession, among the foreigners who not long ago would have been spoken of as barbarians, and forbidden to set foot in the country.

You may be sure that he is dearly loved by his subjects. During the war he left Tokyo and took up his residence at Hiroshima, the centre from which his soldiers were despatched across the sea, for there were gathered the greatest men of the state. It was an unprecedented act of interest in his country's welfare, and when he returned to Tokyo the enthusiasm aroused was intense. You will remember that the first Emperor was considered to be the descendant of the sun goddess; for many generations a claim to Divine honour was on this account put forth on behalf of the Emperors. This has been repudiated by the present enlightened occupant of the throne; but if he receives less of worthless honour as a deity, he receives far more love and true reverence as a man.

The greatest difficulty the rulers of Japan had to meet, was the reconciliation of the old customs and ideas with the new light *Rescript*, which suddenly burst upon the country from abroad. Some, in their excess of zeal for foreign ideas, would have it that every truly Japanese institution and custom must be given up; others would have these maintained at all costs, to the rejection of the new teaching. Under these circumstances, the Emperor issued a rescript, which is read in every national school in the country on opening days and prize days, and also on the Emperor's birthday. On this day the scholars must all be in their places by 9 a.m. A curtain is then drawn back, revealing a large picture of his Majesty, surmounted by Japanese flags, and decorated with flowers. The national anthem is sung, the Rescript is read, and then each child moves in front of the picture, reverently makes his bow in honour of the exalted personage whom it represents, and returns to his place. We cannot end this book better than by giving you the Rescript, and last of all the national anthem of Japan.

## THE RESCRIPT.

"OUR Ancestors established the Empire on a firm foundation, and stamped upon it their own virtues, which Our subjects, by their unanimity in loyalty and filial affection, have in all ages shewn in perfection. These virtues constitute the essential beauty of Our national polity, the true spring of Our educational system.

"You, Our beloved subjects, be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers, be loving husbands and wives, and truthful to your friends. Conduct yourselves with modesty, and be benevolent to all. Develop your intellectual faculties, and perfect your mental powers by gaining knowledge, and by preparing for a profession. Further, promote the public interests, and advance the public affairs: ever respect the national constitution, and obey the laws of the country; and in case of emergency, courageously sacrifice yourselves to the public good.

"Thus do We bid you offer every support to Our Imperial dynasty, which shall be as lasting as the Universe. You will then not only be most loyal subjects, but you will be enabled also to exhibit the noble character of your ancestors. Such are the testaments left Us by Our Ancestors, which must be observed by their descendants and subjects.

"These precepts are perfect throughout all ages, and of universal application.

"It is Our desire to bear them in Our heart in common with you, Our subjects, to the end that We may constantly possess these virtues.

"Given this, the 30th October, the 23rd year of Meiji"  
(=1891).

(His Imperial Majesty's Sign-Manual.)  
(Privy Seal.)

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Kimi ga yō wa  
 Chiyo ni yachiyo ni  
 Sazareishi no  
 Iwao to narite  
 Koke no musu made.



君が代

*J = 69*

小調

君が代

2 1 2 3 | 5 3 2 - | 3 5 6 5 6 | 2 7 6 5 |

キミガ一ヨ一ハチヨニヤチヨニ

3 5 6 | 2 1 2 - | 3 5 6 5 | 3 5 2 - |

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コクノスミタ

歌詞

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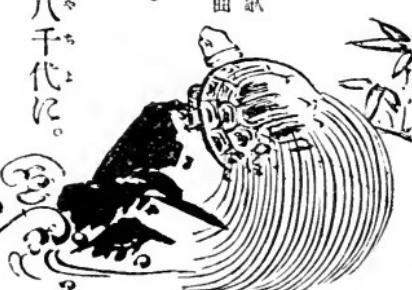
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さざれしの。

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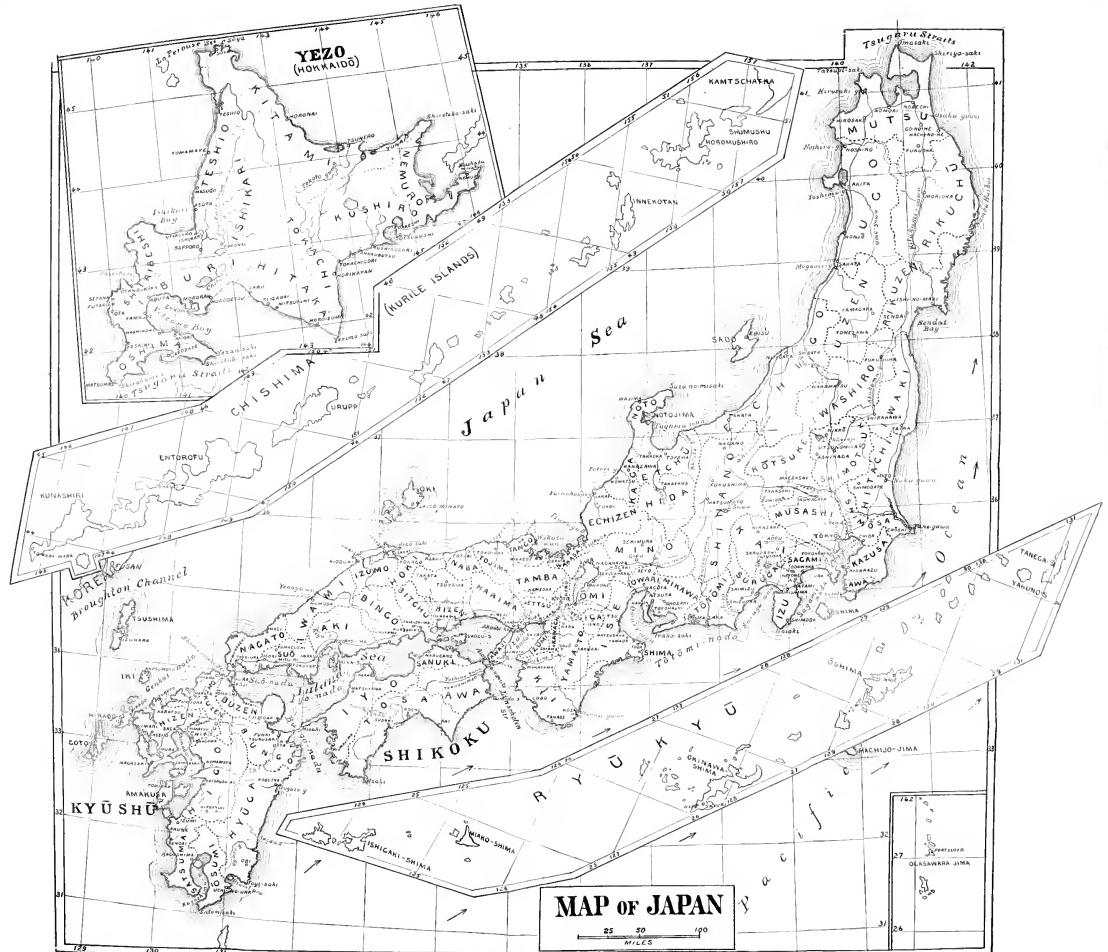
古  
林廣守作曲

君が代









## GLOSSARY.

### WITH FURTHER EXPLANATORY NOTES.

*Amado*.—The wooden shutters sliding in front of the shōji, when a house is shut up for the night, or during a storm of rain. Pp. 63, 135.

*Ame*.—A thick syrup or sweetmeat, like malt extract prepared from millet. P. 98.

*Andon*.—A large paper lantern used for illumination in sleeping apartments. P. 134.

*Benten Sama*.—The hundred-handed goddess of mercy. P. 213.

*Biwa*.—A fruit. P. 102.

*Bon festival*.—The day on which the spirits of the dead revisit the graves in which their bodies lie. A light is placed on each grave to show the spirit the spot. [There was a curious mixture of old and new to be seen in a cemetery in Kobe. On the “bon” the graveyard was dotted with these lights: above each gate-post was a brilliant electric light!] Pp. 182, 230.

*Chadai*.—“Tea money.” The small sum of money left on the tray at a tea-house, or added to the amount of the bill at an inn, to pay for the tea drunk. It is sometimes paid on first arriving at the inn, when a liberal present will ensure attention. P. 136.

*Chirimen*.—Silk crépe. “To chirimen,” cotton crépe. P. 13.

*Chochin*.—A paper lantern. Every jinricksha must have its chochin after sundown, and must hang it on the right-hand shaft, to lessen the risk of collision. P. 105.

*Daikon*.—Raw turnip eaten after meals. Pp. 84, 87.

*Daimio*.—The feudal lords of pre-Restoration days. P. 7.

*Dango*.—Millet dumplings. Pp. 97, 238.

*Eri*.—A lady's collar, usually of flowered crêpe or silk. P. 188.

*Fukusa*.—The handkerchief in which small articles are wrapped when carried through the streets, sent as presents, etc. Shops do not always supply paper, so you take your fukusa with you when you go shopping. And, it must be added, paper is used for the purpose for which we generally use pocket-handkerchiefs. P. 17.

*Fusuma*.—Sliding cardboard screens between two rooms. P. 63.

*Futon*.—Padded quilts for sleeping upon. P. 132.

*Geta*.—Wooden clogs. Pp. 60, 193.

*Goma*.—Sesamum; a small seed about the size of rape seed. Cuttlefish fried in sesamum oil is a favourite dish for sale at the street corners. One writer on Japan says that if the man who said "open sesame" to the rock-built door in the "Arabian Nights" was cooking cuttlefish at the time, the smell was probably enough of itself to open any number of rock-built doors. P. 17.

*Hachiman*.—The god of war. P. 169.

*Hakama*.—A divided, pleated skirt. P. 191.

*Haori*.—The outer garment sometimes worn over the kimono. P. 187.

*Hashiké*.—A small boat. P. 144

*Hinamatsuri*.—The dolls' festival. P. 25.

*Iasshai*.—The polite invitation to “come in,” which the waitresses at tea-houses shout to passers-by. P. 125;

*Jigoku*.—A Buddhist hell. Pp. 159, 164.

*Inkyo*.—Retirement of old people. P. 27.

*Jinricksha*.—The two-wheeled carriage pulled by a man. P. 115.

*Kanzashi*.—An ornamented hair-pin. Pp. 192, 234.

*Kaké*.—Persimmon. P. 100. Also oyster. P. 239.

*Kamidana*.—The shelf in a house on which are kept memorials of ancestors. Pp. 126, 170.

*Koku*.—A measure of capacity, a bushel. P. 147.

*Kjō*.—Buddhist scriptures. P. 211.

*Koto*.—A musical instrument of nine strings, and about six feet long. Pp. 23, 40, 51.

*Kimono*.—Literally, a “wearing thing;” the most general name for all garments in Japan, but chiefly restricted to the long flowing outer robe of every-day wear. P. 184.

*Kiku*.—The chrysanthemum, the imperial crest. Private gentlemen cultivate the flower as a hobby, and in November and December, when the flowers are in bloom, throw their houses open to friends, when every variety and every colour may be seen in magnificent array. P. 140.

*Kago*.—The sedan chair used in mountain districts. P. 112.

*Kura*.—Fireproof warehouse. P. 66.

*Kakemono*.—A hanging roll picture. P. 63.

*Katsuobushi*.—A kind of dried fish. Pp. 13, 82.

*Mochi*.—Cake made of pounded rice. It is made at the New Year. Pp. 17, 231. It is kept late in the year hanging from the roof.

If it cracks early a hot, dry summer is predicted.

*Mon.*—A gate; an ancient coin; also a family crest.  
Pp. 176, 203.

*Misoka*.—The last day of the month. P. 232.

*Matsuri*.—A local or national festival. P. 232.

*Meiji*.—The era of enlightened government. As Eastern peoples have no B.C. or A.D. they divided time into periods. The emperors decided when a new period was to begin, being guided by any remarkable event which seemed to justify such a step. The present era has lasted since 1868: the era before that, "Keio," was of four years only. P. 29.

*Mikado*.—The ancient name of the emperor. P. 250.

*Nanten*.—A tree bearing red berries, somewhat resembling those of the mountain ash. P. 141.

*Né-san*.—Properly "ané san," elder sister: the term used for a waitress in a hotel. Pp. 84, 126.

*Nichiren*.—A Buddhist reformer of the eighteenth century. Many wonderful stories are told about him, as, for instance, when an executioner raised his sword to cut off his head, the sword shivered to pieces in his hand. P. 169.

*Nippon* or *Nihon*.—"Origin of sun." The true name of Japan. P. 1.

*Nippon sei kōkwai*.—Sei = holy, kō = universal, kwai = assembly; the nearest translation that could be found for the Holy Catholic Church of Japan. P. 246.

*N. Y. K.*.—Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Japan Mail Steamship Company. Pp. 143, 148.

*Noshi*.—A piece of paper folded in a peculiar shape, inserted under the string which fastens up a present. P. 14.

*Nakadachi*.—The middleman or go-between in a marriage. Pp. 53, 55.

*Obi*.—The wide sash worn by both men and women.  
P. 184.

*Ocha*.—Literally, “honourable tea.” “Cha” is never used without the “o,” which is an honorific, properly applied only to objects belonging to other people than yourself.

*Ocha no yū*.—The ceremonial tea-making. P. 46.

*Okami*.—A flat-faced mask, representing a kind of fairy, often hung as a sign outside an eating-house. Pp. 233, 242.

*Onigoto*.—“Goblin game,” Blind man’s buff. P. 20.

*Ri*.—A measure of distance, two and a half miles.  
Pp. 36, 216.

*Rin*.—The smallest copper coin:  $\frac{1}{10}$ th of a sen.  
P. 216.

*San*. *Sama*.—A term of respect usually equivalent to Mr. Mrs., or Miss. “Takahashi San” is Mr. Takahashi. “Takahashi O Fude San” is Miss Fude Takahashi. *Sama* is an honorific of stronger force; “Tenshi Sama,” the Emperor; “Senchō San,” the captain of a ship—unless you want to ask him a favour, when you may call him “Sama,” to put him in a good humour. P. 33.

*Sakaki*.—The Cleyera Japonica: an evergreen used for the decoration of graves. P. 183.

*Sakazuki*.—The ceremonial drinking of saké at a wedding.  
P. 55.

*Saké*.—The national drink of Japan, brewed from rice.  
P. 89.

*Samisen*.—A musical instrument, like a banjo. Pp. 23, 40, 51.

*Sashimi*.—Raw fish served for eating. P. 82.

*Sayonara*.—“Good-bye,” generally accompanied with a long, low bow. Japanese do not kiss one another or shake hands, when they say good-bye. P. 42.

*Sen.*—Same word as “cent :”  $\frac{1}{100}$ th part of a silver dollar, value one farthing. Pp. 36, 216.

*Samurai.*—The two-sworded knights of old Japan. P. 7.

*Shōgun.*—The title in full is “Sei-i-Tai-Shōgun,” “Commander-in-chief of the army to chastise barbarians.” It was originally given by the Emperor to the general whom he entrusted with his forces to subdue the Ainu and other aboriginal tribes in ancient times occupying the eastern parts of the main island, as well as the island of Yezo, where alone Ainu are now found. The title was assumed by the Tokugawas, and with it the practical power of government. P. 7.

*Shōgatsu.*—New year. P 231.

*Shōji.*—Sliding paper walls. Pp. 59, 60, 62.

*Shin.*—The spirits of departed ancestors. Pp. 165, 181.

*Soba.*—Generally called “o soba.” A dish of macaroni. P. 99.

*Sushi.*—Fish rolled in boiled rice, wrapped round with sea-weed. P. 90.

*Sekihan.*—Red rice used on festive occasions. P. 17.

*Soroban.*—The abacus, or calculating machine. P. 39.

*Tabi.*—Socks, with a division for the big toe. P. 193.

*Tatami.*—Thick mats of rice straw, which form the floor of a Japanese house. Pp. 59, 104.

*Tansu.*—A chest of drawers. P. 54.

*Tempo.*—The era of “the protection of heaven.” P. 217.

*Tengu.*—Goblins or fairies of Japan. P. 241.

*Torii.*—An archway to a temple. P. 199.

*Tokonoma.*—The alcove in the corner of a room. Pp. 63, 89.

*Tsubo.*—A land measure, six feet square. P. 60.

*Umi*.—The sea. P. 98.

*Waraji*.—Straw sandals for rough wear. P. 194.

*Yokan*.—A sweetmeat resembling Turkish delight.  
P. 97.

*Zori*.—Straw sandals for light wear. P. 194.

*Zukin*.—A wrap for the head. P. 192.

THE END.

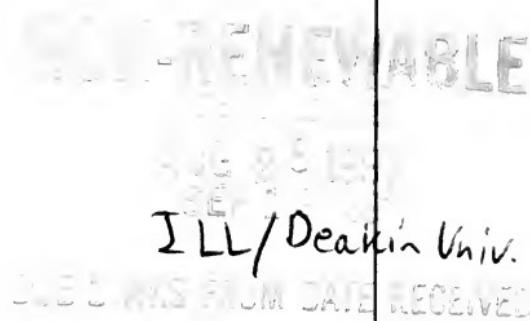




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